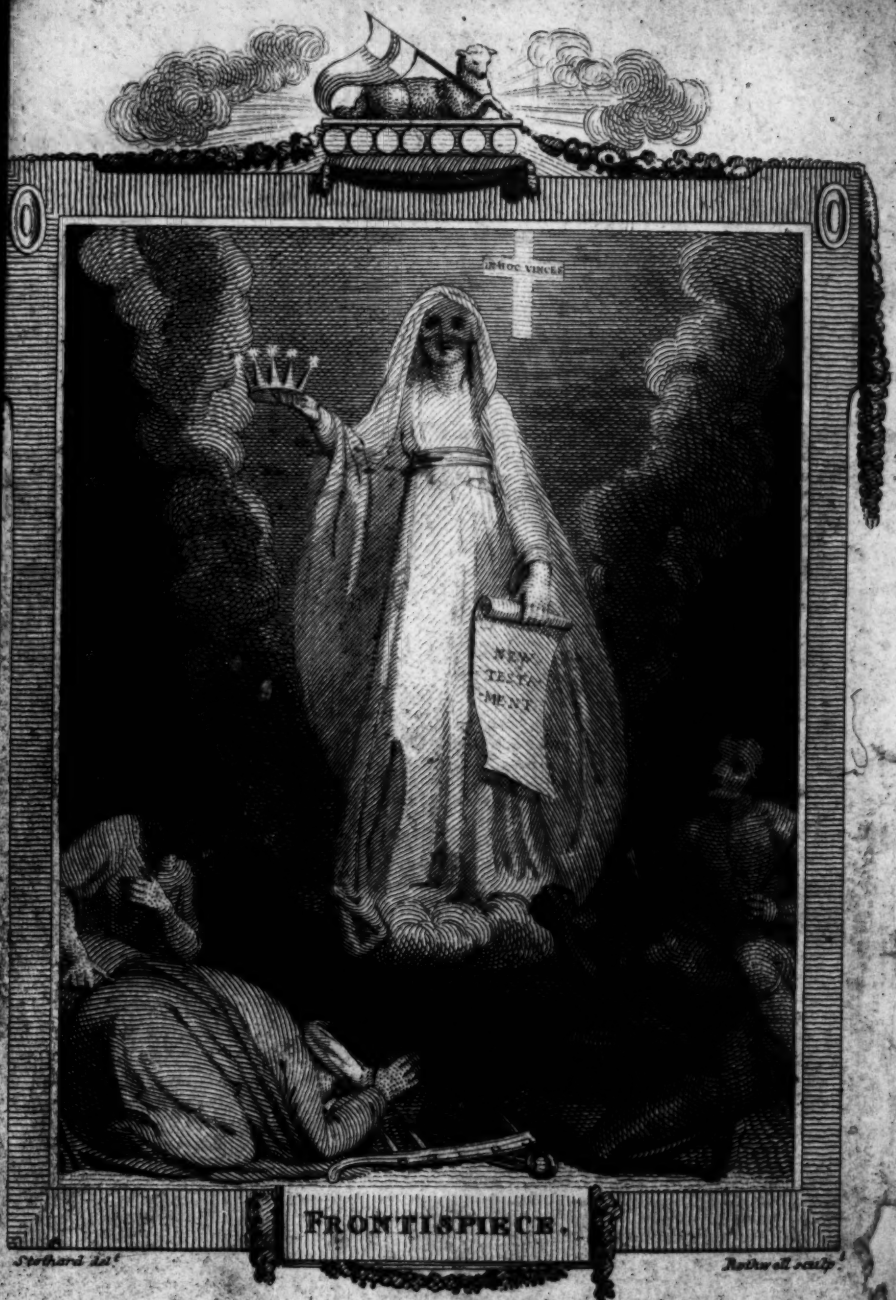


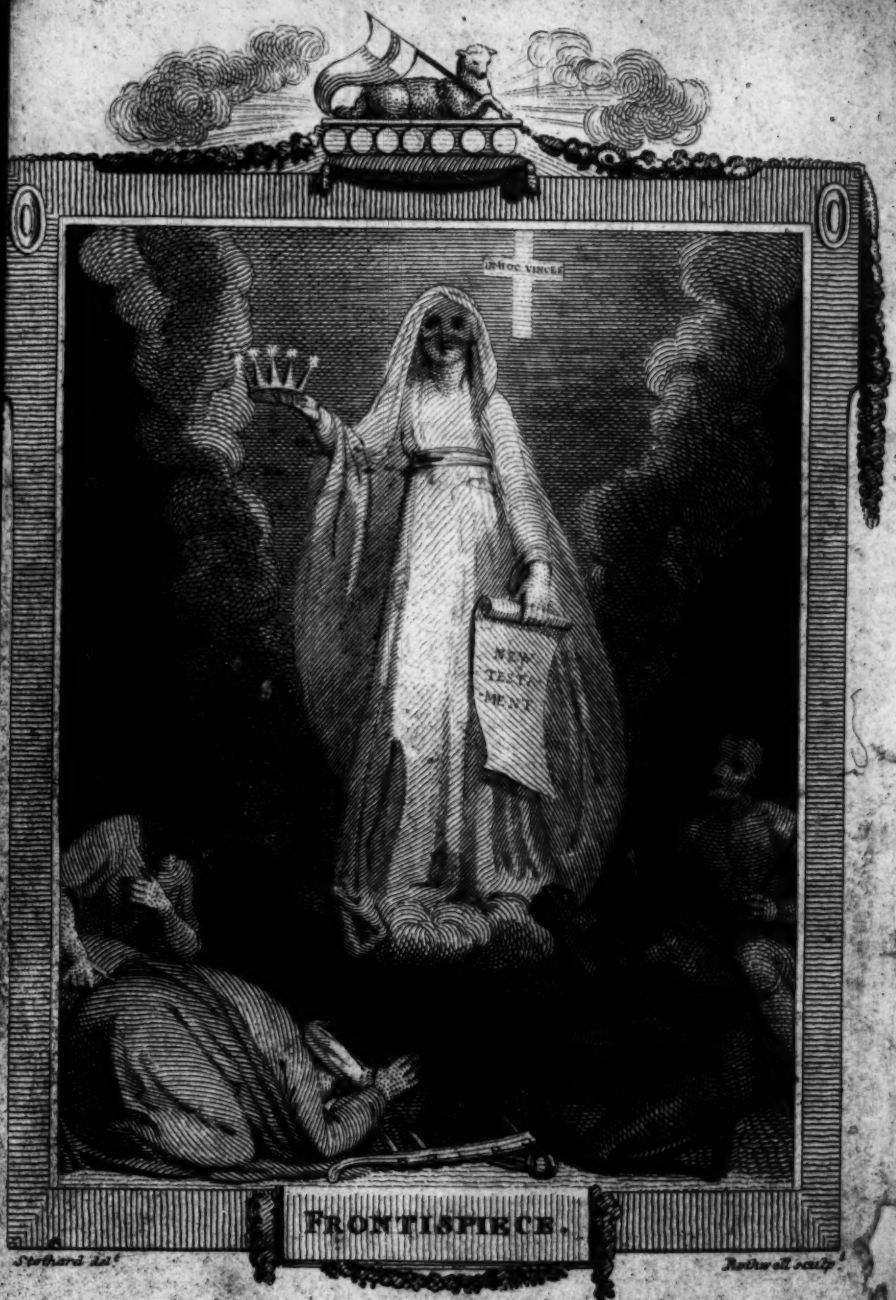
FRONTISPIECE.

Stothard Del.t Rathwell sculp.t

The Origin of Christianity.

See Page. 2.

London Published Feb.y 25 - 1797. by T. Heptinstall. Fleet Street.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pieces were written by several Ministers, and others, Correspondents of a respectable periodical Work, which was intended to be continued Monthly, but some peculiar circumstances, with which it is not necessary to trouble the Public, rendering its continuance impracticable, the Proprietors have separated all the temporary matter, and respectfully present the remainder to the Religious Public, as too valuable to be buried in oblivion.

EXPLANATION

OF

THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE principal figure represents CHRISTIANITY descending from heaven—in her right hand the crown of Immortality, in her left the New Testament. The figures beneath represent the four quarters of the globe waiting to receive her—Asia prostrate, and Europe in a bending posture—Africa is represented by a Negro kneeling—and America by an Indian with the *calumet* or pipe of peace. The dark sky in the back ground, with a few twinkling stars, represents the state of the world when Christianity first appeared, and the broken chains, &c. in the fore-ground, its effects in the destruction of slavery and idolatry.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A SERIES OF

FAMILY CONVERSATIONS,

ON VARIOUS BRANCHES OF

NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION;

Interspersed with sketches of Nature, and of Natural Philosophy; and enlivened with occasional Narratives, Characters, and Miſcellaneous Reflections.

[No. I.]

ARGUMENT.

Mr. CHRISTIAN is a gentleman pretty far advanced in years. He was in business in better times than the present; and, by the blessing of God on his industry, has reared a numerous family; and saved a competency to enable him, in his latter years to retire, in a great measure, from the bustle of commercial life; leaving his eldest son, THEOPHILUS to succeed him in his business, with whom the old gentleman usually resides, especially in the winter season. Beside this son, who is married, and has a rising family, Mr. CHRISTIAN has two other sons and three daughters, all of whom, with some other characters, will be introduced to the reader's acquaintance in succeeding Dialogues.

IT was the beginning of the year; the day was clear and pleasant, though the air was sharp, and inclined to be severe. MR. CHRISTIAN, with his daughter-in-law, MRS. CHRISTIAN, (the wife of Mr. Theophilus) his own daughter MERCY, and a

niece, MISS SOPHIA TOWNLY (on a visit from the country) had been to dine with a friend at the edge of town, and returned early, to avoid being out after dark at this inclement season.

Returning home, MERCY, and her cousin SOPHIA, walked foremost. An old man accosted them—stooping with age;—care had ploughed deep furrows on his forehead—his eye-balls half extinguished—his front bald, and the few hairs which remained to cover the hinder part, were white as the blossom of the almond tree. 'Kind ladies,' said he, with a heart evidently too full for utterance; but his air, his look, his attitude, subjoined in expressions too plain to be mistaken, 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.'

MERCY, the moment she saw him, prepared a trifle to drop into his hat; but her cousin SOPHIA, who was next the beggar, withdrew her to the other side of the pavement. 'I hate beggars;' said she, 'we have nothing for you.' MERCY wiped a secret tear into her handkerchief, but said nothing. Her father, who was a few steps behind, observed the circumstance. He knew the heart of MERCY, and acted for her. He even stopped a minute to hear the old man's tale. It was short and full of woe:—He was 'past labour, unfortunate, and far from home.'

When this good gentleman and his daughter had returned home, and were seated at the tea-table with the remaining branches of his family, this in-

cident remained upon his mind, and he was determined to improve it.

'MERCY,' said the old gentleman, 'I did not expect to have seen you pass an object of misery, without attempting to give relief.' MERCY was silent; but SOPHIA felt the reproof, and took the matter upon herself. 'It was my fault, sir,' said she, 'I think it no charity to give to common beggars.'

'Perhaps it may not, my dear,' said MR. CHRISTIAN, 'but this was no common beggar. Wherever beggary is adopted to avoid labour, it ought to be discouraged; but this case left no room for such a suspicion: his hands shew that he has laboured hard, and his whole appearance that he can do it no longer.'

'I have often thought,' said MRS. CHRISTIAN, (wishing to turn the conversation, and to spare SOPHIA, 'I have often thought) begging ought not to be suffered in a city where there are so many provisions for poverty and misery of every class.'

MR. CHRISTIAN. It is true we have many benevolent institutions, beside our legal provision for the poor; yet I can easily conceive of cases that may require, at least, a temporary relief. And though there may be danger of suffering imposition, yet, I confess, I had rather relieve two impostors than refuse one deserving object, especially a poor member of Jesus Christ.

MR. THEOP. CHRISTIAN. But I have not been used to suppose the LORD will permit his own

people to fall into such extreme misery as to be public beggars. You know, sir, the Psalmist says, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread *.'

MR. CHRISTIAN. True, such was the remark of the Psalmist; but you must consider that we live under a different dispensation. Under the Old Testament œconomy, long life, and temporal prosperity, were promised to the obedient: but we have a better covenant and better promises, namely, those of spiritual and eternal life, secured in CHRIST JESUS to believers: and though it be true that things absolutely needful of a temporal nature, are promised to be superadded, yet have we no promise to secure us from very necessitous and humiliating circumstances; nay, those circumstances may sometimes come within the denomination of blessings, when they are needful to humble and to try us.

MR. THEOP. CHRISTIAN. It may be so, sir; good men are sometimes brought very low; our Lord JESUS himself, though not literally a beggar, stooped so low as to live, in a great measure, on the benevolence of his followers.

MR. CHRISTIAN. This was part of his suffering on our account. 'He became poor that we might be made rich.' But as for us, we are dependant creatures from necessity. In all the providential bles-

* Ps. xxxvii. 25.

sings we enjoy, we are but tenants at will, and liable to be ejected without a moment's warning. Yea, our very existence, and every breath we draw, depends on the supporting providence of our Creator—'In whom we live, and move, and have our being.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

JOHN HOWARD, ESQ. F.R.S.

THIS benevolent man was born at Hackney, about the year 1727. His father died while he was young, and by his direction the son was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street; but the business neither suiting his health or disposition, and a handsome fortune falling into his hands, he bought out his time before its regular expiration, and commenced his first travels on the continent. After his return, his health being much on the decline, he took a lodging at Stoke Newington, with a widow gentlewoman; who nursed him with so much care and tenderness, that he married her out of gratitude, though she was twice his age. She had a small fortune, which, not needing himself, he generously made a present of to her sister.

Mr. H.'s first wife lived but three years after her marriage, and was affectionately lamented by him. The year after (viz. 1756) he undertook a second voyage, in order to view Lisbon subsequent to the

earthquake; but was taken by a French privateer, and suffered much in his confinement. Upon his return from the continent, in 1758, he married a second time, to the daughter of Ed. Leeds, Esq. of Cambridgeshire. This lady also lived but a few years with him, dying in childbed in 1765. After this he retired to an estate he purchased in Bedfordshire, where he very much gained the esteem and affection of the poor, by building them cottages, employing the industrious, relieving the sick, and educating the children of the poor. In 1773 Mr. H. served the office of sheriff for the county, which brought him farther acquainted with the misery of prisons; and from this he commenced his career of benevolence and glory.

In 1774 he received the thanks of the House of Commons, for his enquiries and exertions, which animated him to new labours and enquiries; the result of which he published, and in 1780, at the Guildhall, Bristol, MR. BURKE drew his character in the following elegant and well-merited eulogium:

'I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited *all Europe*, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into

'the depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infec-
'tions of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sor-
'row and pain; to take gauge and dimensions of
'misery, depression, and contempt; to remember
'the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit
'the forsaken; and to compare and collate the dis-
'tresses of all men in all countries. His plan is
'original, and it is as full of genius as of humanity.
'It is a voyage of *philanthropy*—a circumnavigation
'of charity. Already the benefit of this labour
'is felt more or less in every country: I hope
'he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its
'effects fully realized in his own. He will receive
'not in retail, but in gross, the reward of those who
'visit the prisoner, and he has so far forestalled and
'monopolized this branch of charity, that there
'will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts
'of benevolence hereafter.'

While Mr. H. was absent on his last tour but one, a proposal was made to erect a statue to his honour while yet living, and a considerable subscription raised for that purpose; but immediately as he heard of the design, he remonstrated so strongly against it, that it was laid aside. 'Have I not one 'friend,' said he, 'in England, that would put a 'stop to such a proceeding?' The last time he was in England, he published his account of the principal lazarettos, hospitals, and prisons, in several parts of Europe. He commenced his last journey in July 1789, in which he purposed to visit Turkey, Russia, and other parts of the East, and not to re-

turn under three years; withal apprehending that he, very probably, never might return, which proved to be the event; for while he was at Cherson, a Russian settlement, near the northern extremity of the Black Sea, he visited a young lady at some distance, in a malignant fever, caught the fatal infection, and died in a few days, notwithstanding every possible assistance, on Jan. 20, 1790.

So highly was he respected, even in that remote country, that Prince Potemkin not only sent his physician, but visited him in person in his sickness.

Mr. H. displayed almost every virtue honourable to humanity—temperance, patience, disinterestedness, fortitude, benevolence, candour, and piety; but we can only farther instance in the latter. He was early impressed with divine truth, and a firm believer in the scriptures. In sentiment he was a Calvinistic Baptist, and many years a member of the late Dr. Stennett's church in Wild Street, where he statedly attended when in London, and did great honour to the community. 'He had made 'up his mind, as he said, upon his religious senti-'ments, and was not to be moved from his sted-'fastness by novel opinions obtruded upon the 'world. Nor did he content himself with a bare 'profession of divine truths. He entered into the 'spirit of the gospel, felt its power, and tasted its 'sweetness.'

When he was upon his travels, it was his practice to employ his Sabbaths, and hours of retirement,

in reviewing the notes he had taken of sermons which he heard in England. 'These', said he, in a letter to Dr. Stennett—'these are my songs in the 'house of my pilgrimage. O, sir, how many Sab-'baths have I longed to spend in Wild Street!— 'God in Christ is my rock, the portion of my soul.'

His piety was attended (as it always is when genuine) with modesty, and a due conviction of his imperfections. When informed of the proposal to erect his statue, he blushed at the honour. 'Alas!' said he, in a letter to a friend, 'our best perform-'ances have such a mixture of folly and sin, that 'praise is vanity and presumption, and pain, to a 'thinking mind.' And when he was told by a great person, in another kingdom, that if he would not suffer a statue to be erected in his own country, it should be in their prisons, he replied, 'I have no 'objection to its being erected where it shall be in-'visible.' We shall only add, that Mr. H. was small in stature, but possessed a very lively eye, and active gesture; and, for many years before his death, neither ate animal food nor drank spirituous liquors.

His monument was the first erected in St. Paul's Cathedral; but this is the smallest part of his honour. He has a thousand living monuments in the hearts of the unfortunate, and nations yet unborn shall bless him.

[See Mr. H.'s *Life* by Dr. AIKIN, and Funeral Sermons by Dr. Stennett and Mr. Palmer.]

'CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL:'

THOUGHTS ON COL. iii. 11.

HOW different is the language in which the Sacred Writers speak of JESUS CHRIST, from that adopted by many modern Preachers and Divines! Some will hardly condescend to name him; and if they do, it is merely as a man, a good man, a moral philosopher, or at most, a *prophet*; who taught maxims of wisdom, and confirmed them by a virtuous example. Whereas the primitive and apostolic writers always name him with an evident glow of affection and delight. In short, with them, 'CHRIST' was 'ALL, and IN ALL.'

Let us endeavour to comprehend the phrase. 'ALL IN ALL,' or, 'all in every thing,' implies that the whole of Christianity is full of Christ; and so it is.—Let us attempt to illustrate this: the Sun is 'all in all' to our system; he diffuses light liberally to all the planets which revolve around him; and his heat penetrates to the centre of the largest globes. On our earth he paints the flowers, embalms the fruits, ripens the grain, quickens all nature into life, and thus becomes 'ALL IN ALL' to us.—Jesus Christ is the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS; and whatever the Sun is to the material world, that and much more, is our Redeemer to the spiritual. He is all in all in the system of Christianity: let us instance in a few particulars.

1. 'CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL' in the scheme of Salvation, as it respects GOD. He is the covenant

head, both of men and angels, and every gracious decree and purpose of the divine mind toward them, has an immediate respect to Christ. So, in the actual communications of the blessings, both of providence and grace, he is the only channel by which they are conveyed. He is the spiritual ladder which Jacob saw, whereby intercourse is opened between God and us.

2. 'CHRIST is ALL IN ALL' in the work of Redemption, as it affects MAN. He paid the price of our redemption—wrought out a perfect righteousness for our justification—and communicates his Holy Spirit for our sanctification.—He sits both our prince and advocate, at the right hand of his Father; where he will wait to intercede for us, until every son of God is brought to glory.

3. 'CHRIST is ALL IN ALL' in the sacred SCRIPTURES. All divine truths connect and harmonize in him, like the rays of light collected in a focus. No considerable part of holy writ but has a nearer or more distant reference to him. Abraham saw him afar off, and rejoiced in the sight. Moses pointed to him in all the services of the tabernacle. The Psalmist mingled the joys and sorrows of Messiah with his own: or rather, appears often to have forgot his own in meditating his. 'To him give all the prophets witness.' John shewed him with his finger—'Behold, the Lamb of God.' And all the apostolic writers delight even in the repetition of his name.

4. 'CHRIST is ALL IN ALL' in the LIFE of the

believer. His faith looks with steady eye to the atonement. His repentance flows from a believing sight of his sufferings and death, which also fills his heart with gratitude and love. His hope is animated by a contemplation of his victories and glory. Every grace receives its vigour from a believing view of Jesus. In all the troubles of life, and especially in the prospect of approaching death, this alone can comfort and satisfy the Christian.

Is it not the want of looking more to Christ that makes so many of the sons of God go lean from day to day? They look around them—The world is false, and friends are fickle. They look within them—all is dark and comfortless. Let them look above, where Jesus sits at the right hand of God—there is strength and righteousness, and peace, and glory.

Once more, 5. 'CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL' in the enjoyment of heaven. 'The LAMB that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to rivers of living waters.' So is he the 'ALL IN ALL' of the celestial anthems. The Father delights to honour him, and beams all his glory through his countenance—Angels delight to honour him, and tune their golden harps to praise him—Saints delight to honour him, and cast their starry crowns beneath his feet—Let us also delight to honour him.

'Come let us join our cheerful songs,
'With angels round the throne;
'Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
'But all their joys are one.'

"Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

PHILO-CHRISTUS.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

DEATH, Judgment, and Eternity, are subjects in themselves the most serious, and in their consequences the most important: and they appear doubly so, when we consider our intimate concern in them, and their hasty approach to us. But important and serious as these matters are, how seldom do they bear with a due weight, either on mankind in general, or on ourselves in particular! we occasionally, indeed, drop a tear over the grave of a deceased friend; but little think our own shroud is weaving, or our coffin waiting, perhaps, half finished, on the shelf of the undertaker. So true is that emphatic verse of DR. YOUNG,

'All men think all men mortal but themselves.'

To bring this subject nearer to our own bosoms, let us attend the death-bed of HILARIO, one of those infatuated men, whose religion was to have commenced—To-morrow.

With hoary hairs and enervated frame, behold him stretched on the bed of fatal sickness. The PHYSICIAN silently commits him to the arms of Death: and by an expressive look, informs the disconsolate attendants, that he can do no more.

The LAWYER is just finishing his will, which he closes, perhaps, with an handsome legacy for the erection or support of some benevolent institution, which may preserve the name and charity of the donor.

The DIVINE is at last consulted, who, if he deserve that name, finds a more desperate case than the physician: and that, however near the body may be to its dissolution, the soul is far enough from being prepared for that event. Perhaps upon enquiry, he finds the dying wretch fixes his dependance on his past negative goodness—he has not been so bad as others; or it may be on the charitable disposition he has just manifested in the last article of his will—in leaving that for GOD and his fellow-creatures, he could keep no longer. But, as for any knowledge of the gospel method of salvation, he had no time to think of it: or else he always found himself too good, to lay under any obligation to the righteousness of another; or, if he be at length convinced that there is some need of CHRIST, and his invaluable merit, yet has he so little affection for the truth, and so short a time to consider of it, that a convulsion fit seizes him in the midst of his deliberations, and conveys him to a world of more seriousness and reflection.—But what so engrossed the attention of this worldling through a long course of years, that he could find no time for serious contemplation till his dying day?—Alas! had he spared an hour from business, his family would have been neglected:—If an hour from company, his friend

would have been offended:—If an hour from diversion, his spirits would have been overcome: Or, had he spared an hour from sleep, his health might have been impaired. These, and a thousand other circumstances, rendered it inconvenient, if not impossible, that he should think of religion, till he could think no more. How awful this representation! yet how often do we see it exemplified in fact?

Nothing illustrates like contrasts—Let us then leave the mournful chamber of miserable DIVES, and attend the obscure lodging of the happy LAZARUS. Here we find, perhaps, no Doctor, because there is no fee; no Lawyer in consequence is needed; and as for the evangelical Divine, though his company is to the good man very desirable, yet he is not sent for to say the parting prayer, or flatter him in his dying moments.—No: having taken an affectionate farewel of his surrounding family and friends, the expiring saint prepares for the quickly expected moment of his departure: and after many acknowledgments of the goodness of God, and his own unworthiness—after many expressions of his lively faith and hope in the promises of God, and the atonement of the Redeemer, finally commits his soul into his hands with confidence and triumph.

REFLECTOR.

MEDITATION ON ROM. vii. 13.

'THAT SIN .... MIGHT BECOME EXCEEDING SINFUL.'

'FOOLS make a mock at SIN;' but wise men tremble at it. Children may take the serpent in their bosoms; but men of sense and experience will fly from it: its colours may be pretty; but they know its sting.—We know, indeed, that it is 'an evil thing and bitter' to sin against the LORD: but we do not always remember this: we forget the danger until we feel the pain. Whence arises this? Certainly, from our not hating, as we ought, this worst of evils: it is the only thing that deserves our hatred, and it deserves nothing else.—The following hints are offered to encourage this pious hatred, and make SIN appear in its true colours, that is, EXCEEDING SINFUL.

1. Consider the nature, purity, and extent of the divine LAW. This is the Apostle's principal meaning; "Sin BY THE LAW becomes exceeding sinful." But how does the law effect this?—It levels in the sight of God the vain distinctions of mankind, and invalidates all the fond excuses which some men frame from their elevated situations, to indulge themselves in beloved vices:—It extends to the secret desires and wishes of the heart, and condemns the very "THOUGHT of foolishness" as SIN.*

2. Consider the GOODNESS and MERCY of GOD: that GOODNESS which formed us with powers capa-

* Prov. xxiv. 9.

ble of serving and enjoying him, that cast our lot among a thousand circumstances of comfort and delight, that nursed our infant years, and that has supported and protected us thus far through life:—That MERCY which pardons all our crimes, and crowns that pardon with every blessing, both of time and of eternity:—Consider this goodness and mercy, remember sin abuses and despises both, and then say, is not SIN EXCEEDING SINFUL?

3. Consider the awful effects of sin on the HUMAN MIND:—That it hath darkened the understanding; deprived us of those just and charming ideas of GOD, which a state of innocence must have possessed; torn us from the most divine communion with him, and filled our minds with every false and gloomy notion; every evil prejudice and propensity. We see a great part of mankind devoted to the most gross idolatry. Some worship the meanest parts of the creation, in preference to the Creator: others prostrate themselves to the work of their own hands: nor are *they* chargeable with less guilt and folly, "whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame."—Now, when we see mankind thus degraded to a level with the beasts—yea, so much beneath, as to worship them—when we reflect that Sin hath done all this—must we not confess that SIN IS EXCEEDING SINFUL?

4. Consider the dreadful calamities which Sin hath brought on individuals. Alas! what hath Sin done? Rather, what hath it *not* done?—Here it hath thrown together an unhappy multitude of,

perhaps, once prosperous and wealthy men, to subsist, in the days of age and infirmity, on the miserable pittance of public charity.—There it hath collected a number of sick and maimed persons in an hospital. One burns with a fever, another pines with a consumption: this man labours with the asthma, and that agonizes with the stone.

——————————'Despair
'Attends the sick, busy from couch to couch;
'And over them, triumphant Death his dart
'Shakes; but delays to strike, tho' oft invok'd
'With vows, as their chief good, and final hope*.'

Yon horrid prison is the abode of guilt and poverty. Numbers of distressed mortals are doomed by their relentless creditors, there to waste away their lives, and starve their families. Numbers more of miserable wretches there receive the tedious reward of their iniquities. In that dreary dungeon, the wretched malefactor waits in torturing expectation of a shameful death.

Once more, behold an hospital for lunatics! Within those lonely walls are confined many of our fellow-creatures, deprived of the last remains of manhood—Reason. Ah! that gloomy visage shews what melancholy preys upon the heart. Alas! those rolling eye-balls indicate, too plainly, the fire that rages in the bosom! He raves—rattles his chains, and stalks in all the dignity of madness. The one—was, formerly, all cheerful and alert; the other, all mildness and composure: but what hath Sin done? —Defaced the image of GOD, and scarcely left even

* Par. Lost, b. xi. l. 490.

the exterior form of manhood. Is not then SIN EXCEEDING SINFUL?

5. Recollect the judgments of heaven on whole NATIONS, and communities of men. All histories abound with these; but we will not examine them: we will confine ourselves to a few instances of sacred history. In one age, a populous world is drowned for their crimes, and one family alone survives the general destruction. In another, five cities, and all their inhabitants, save three persons, are destroyed by fire from heaven.—In a third instance, two hundred and fifty princes, with their houses and their goods, are swallowed by an earthquake, for their rebellion against God *.—At one time, seventy thousand men are slain by a pestilence †. And at another, an hundred and eighty-five thousand died one night ‡. Whole nations have been rooted out of the earth—witness, the ancient inhabitants of Canaan; and once populous and imperial cities become the haunts of beasts of prey, as Babylon and Tyre.—Shall we go on? No. The survey is too much for human nature—and these instances of divine vengeance sufficiently prove the EXCEEDING SINFULNESS of SIN.

6. Finally, contemplate the SUFFERINGS of JESUS CHRIST, when Sin was laid on him, and the awful CONSEQUENCES of Sin to the IMPENITENT hereafter. The last of these is a dreadful subject for reflection indeed! one could wish never to admit it within our thoughts, were not those miserable beings

* Num. xvi. † II Sam. xxiv. 15. ‡ II Kings xix. 35.

to warn us, "set forth as an example suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Ah! my soul, these are the wages of Sin—these, the pains which thou must for ever have endured, had it not been for the voluntary substitution of the Son of God. Yes, adorable Sufferer! in every agony which marked thy countenance—in every pang which rent thy heart—I read the SINFULNESS, the EXCEEDING sinfulness of SIN. O whenever therefore it shall assault my soul, with all the guile of the serpent, the speciousness of his first temptation, and in its most enchanting forms—may I turn mine eyes to

——"Groaning Calvary"—*there*
'Shine the noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting;
'*There* sacred violence assaults the soul*.'

INGENUUS.

GOOD NEWS TO ISRAEL;

OR

LETTERS TO THE JEWS.

[No. I.]

[The Series of Letters, of which this is introductory, having been offered to our Miscellany, we thankfully accept them, and recommend it to our Readers, as opportunity may permit, to introduce them to any of the unhappy Nation to whom they are addressed.]

SONS OF ISRAEL,

IT is neither to insult your feelings, nor to aggravate your sufferings, that a Christian begs you, for a moment, to recollect the sufferings of your

* Young's Night Thoughts.

people, and the desolation of your native country, for almost two thousand years: but it is in obedience to the injunction of your prophet, that I request you to "lay it to your heart;" and consider these things, and enquire what may be the cause that you have been thus forsaken of your God and persecuted by mankind.

In this you cannot do better than read with attention and solemn prayer to the God of Israel, for divine instruction, that awful catalogue of evils which Moses foretold should follow your disobedience, and which have been so literally and wonderfully accomplished in the modern history of your nation *.

It is true that in this country, and in the present age, your situation has been much improved, and your afflictions greatly lightened; in America, in France also, and in Holland, you have lately acquired new privileges and advantages; but this, so far from checking your enquiries should animate them with the hope that, peradventure, among the many and wonderful revolutions of the present day, the Lord may be opening a way for the return of your captivity, and for your restoration to him, and to the blessings of his ancient covenant with your father Abraham.

The first enquiry which presents itself to you is, Wherefore these judgments have come upon you? and you will agree with me in the general, that it is on account of your sins and disobedience to the

* Deut. xxviii.

Lord God of your fathers. Still it remains to be enquired, what particular national crimes can have entailed upon you so long and severe punishment? In your seventy years captivity the case was clear, you had worshipped the gods of the nations all around you, God therefore sent you into captivity, and made you slaves to those idolaters. Your present sufferings have been much greater, and incomparably longer than the former, it is therefore reasonable to believe that your guilt is greater; and since you have not this time been guilty of idolatry, what can it be but the rejection of your Messiah?

It is an usual method with the Almighty, both in his conduct to nations and individuals; to write their sin on their punishment; this we have seen to be the case in your former captivity, probably a little examination will prove it the same now.

A celebrated writer of your own (Mr. DAVID LEVI) has lately said, "The greatest part of our sufferings have arisen from the persecutions which we have suffered from the Christians, on account of the difference of religion, and the charge brought against us for *crucifying the Lord of life, and the Saviour of the world.* Now if this had not taken place, *it is most probable that we should not have suffered* such cruel and dreadful persecutions, &c. as we have experienced." The crucifixion of Jesus has been then in some view, by your own account, the cause of your sufferings, and in the course of these pages, if favoured with your attention, I will endeavour to prove, that this was the grand and only cause of them; and that they will not fully termi-

nate till you are convinced of this, and acknowledge for your Messiah that same Jesus whom your fathers crucified.

Men of Israel, permit me to ask you one question, Were some new pretender now to claim the character and honours of Messiah, by what rule would you judge of his pretensions? Doubtless, you will answer, by the agreement or disagreement of his character with the prophecies of the Old Testament respecting him. This, indeed, is the method recommended by your advocate Mr. LEVI, whereby to examine the evidences of Christianity; and since he complains (whether justly or not) his antagonists have all declined it, I will endeavour "to review"—not, indeed, *all* the prophecies, my limits will not admit this—but many of the most clear and determinate ones, which are so applied by yourselves, or were so by your ancestors, 'from Moses to Malachi,' and compare them with the acts recorded of Jesus in the New Testament, to see whether they have been, 'are, or probably may be, fulfilled in him, or not;' and thus to decide, whether he be or not the true Messiah. On this issue we join; here the cause shall rest, and may the God of Israel give to truth the victory!

In the meantime, as this Letter will not admit our proceeding farther in the subject, believe me to be, as I truly am, with much sincerity, your friend and servant, in the cause of truth,

PHILO.

CONVERSATIONS
OF THE
SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[No. I.]

BETWEEN ABEL AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL, UPON HIS FIRST ENTERING GLORY.

ARGUMENT.

Angels, we know are 'Ministering Spirits' to the "Heirs of Salvation*;" and our Lord has taught us, that it is one part of their office to conduct them to glory †. Such is the foundation of the following Dialogue. The subject of which, the Reader will find to be the nature of that enjoyment provided for the saints in heaven. I hope the ideas are not unscriptural, and if I have made use of the modern discoveries of astronomy, it is for a purpose not unworthy of an angel—to lead the mind to great and adoring thoughts of the Creator.

After writing the following, I accidentally observed, that the celebrated GESSNER had anticipated the general idea ‡; yet since he has managed the conversation very differently, I hope the want of originality will be forgiven, especially as this is only the first of a series of conversations, which would be imperfect without it.

ANGEL.

HAIL Abel! first of the human race that ever entered these felicitous abodes! thy name shall no more be called ABEL, *Vanity*;—thou shalt have a new name, and be introduced to honour, and enjoyments inconceivable till now.

ABEL. O I feel it, my celestial guardian!—Adieu, adieu, for ever, to all terrestial cares and

* Heb. i. 14. † Luke. ‡ Death of Abel, b. 4.

sorrows!—Adieu, my venerable and distressed parents!—Dear, cruel CAIN, adieu! I fear, adieu for ever. O how could I weep for thee, did this state admit of tears!

ANG. No! 'God hath wiped away all tears;' and every painful idea must give place to perfect and eternal joy.

AB. Yes! 'Joy unspeakable, and full of glory!' —My spirit dropt her load of sins, infirmities, and sorrows, with the shroud of mortal flesh; and now, liberated and winged for glory, extends, like pinions that are yet untried, her newly-acquired powers!— O how my ideas expand themselves to embrace the new objects that burst on my astonished vision!

ANG. And thus will thy soul for ever continue to enlarge its capacities, while infinite goodness and beatitude eternally fill and satisfy it.

AB. O mystery divine! Bear me speedily to the footstool of yonder throne, that I may there present my humble, but grateful, adorations!

ANG. Such is my commission, and on the passage thither to prepare thee for it.

AB. Then tell me, gentle spirit, how shall I there present myself acceptably?

ANG. The great "ANGEL of the Covenant," through faith in whom, as the promised MESSIAH, thy sacrifice on earth was graciously received, there waits to present thee to the eternal FATHER; and to him shalt thou be immediately introduced, so soon as thy mental sight is strong enough to sustain the glory of his presence.

AB. In the meantime, explain to me, if permitted, the nature and employment of this new world of blessedness.

ANG. Most gladly.—Know then, that thy first and chief pleasure and employment, will be to adore with us the great AUTHOR of happiness and being.

AB. Blissful employment! My soul while yet on earth felt her highest felicity in devotion, and here shall never, never, weary in it.

ANG. This is not all:—the adoring hosts relieve each other—and in the intervals of thy Hallelujahs, thou wilt have to converse with myriads of holy and happy Angels, like myself, or of superior orders. These will open to thee the wonders of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the DEITY, in the innumerable worlds, whither they may be occasionally commissioned on errands of love and duty.

AB. Innumerable Worlds! what then, are those starry orbs that have frequently employed my midnight contemplation, while I attended on my fleecy charge—are *they*, as I sometimes ventured to conjecture, worlds inhabited like that from whence I came?

ANG. Rather are they Suns connecting systems of worlds, innumerable and immense, and all filled with demonstrations of the divine perfections, and inhabited by creatures capable of loving and praising their Creator.

AB. O magnificent idea! great and wonderful are thy works, O Lord! eternal glory to thy name!

—But there are none here, my kind attendant, who have been tenants of mortality like me.

ANG. Thou art indeed the first of mortals; but Death having entered upon earth, will soon extend his devastations; and grace will continually furnish new accessions of redeemed sinners like yourself.

AB. Shall I possess the happiness of knowing them?

ANG. Not only of knowing them, but of receiving by them, information of the progress of the great plans of Providence and Redemption upon earth.

AB. Then will every fresh inhabitant contribute to swell the Hallelujahs of this state, and we shall mutually encrease each others happiness.

ANG. Innumerable hosts of pure and perfect spirits shall join the praise; and Saints and Angels eternally emulate each other.

MINUS.

A REMARKABLE LETTER:

WRITTEN BY A WOMAN WITHOUT HANDS OR FEET.

THIS poor woman when young, was afflicted in such an extraordinary way as to deprive her of the use of her hands and feet; and notwithstanding surgical assistance, the disorder so increased that she lost both her feet; one arm also was taken off above the elbow, and the other a little below. She was withal so poor that she was obliged to be sent to the workhouse; but the report of her ex-

traordinary case brought several neighbouring gentlemen and ladies to visit and relieve her. After some time she became under great concern of soul, and so continued for about two years, in great spiritual distress. At length it pleased the Lord to set her mind at liberty, her language was changed, and she began to talk continually of the great things which God had done for her. Her benefactors were astonished, thought she must be beside herself, and as such neglected and forsook her: but the Lord raised her up other benefactors, to one of whom the following letter was addressed.

It is necessary to observe, that she wrote with a pen fastened to a stump, and was obliged to move her body in every stroke she made; yet she wrote intelligibly, and even fair.

TO MISS ANN P—.

'DEAR MADAM, *April* 1781.

'With gratitude to God and you, I write a few lines to return you my humble thanks for your kind favours to me from time to time, for which I pray God reward you even an hundred fold. I have been very poorly this winter with my arms and head—I hope, I can say, Father, thy will be done. The Lord deals most graciously with me, and keeps my mind staid on him, though for some time past my walk has been in the valley and not upon the mount. God leads his people the sure way, though not at all times the most pleasant way: so there is no cause to complain; but much

to be thankful: for the Lord has preserved me from wounds, though my pains have been great. As I grow in years, my strength decays: disorders make the tabernacle totter: but the Lord will support it till the pin falls out. His mercy and goodness has been, is, and will continue to be great. I long to love him more and serve him better.

The Canaanites still abide in the land; the Lord promises to drive them out by little and little, and I believe that in his own time he will deliver me according to his word; therefore my hope is in him. He will try me as gold, and bring me forth when meet for himself. Salvation work is great, and all of God, and free grace from the beginning to the end: and sure I am it is a mercy that it is so: if it were not, my deceitful heart would not hold out unto the end. But God's *wills* and *shalls* are his people's security. My redemption is by many years nearer now than when I first believed: yet I fear my heart is not so earnest and diligent in the work of the Lord as it was some years ago. I am often aiming to exert myself, and calling upon my soul and spirit to praise the Lord. I fain would have him take the sole dominion, and drive out every rival in my heart. With the Psalmist, I know that it is good for me to hold fast by my God, that he will give grace to bring to glory, and never leave nor forsake the work of his own hands.

'When I look back upon the years past, and call to remembrance the works of the Lord, my soul is humbled within me; many Ebenezers has he given

me to raise up to him, and as yet he gives me to go on, and will do so till he brings me to glory.

'. . . . . I hope you are kept walking in the ways of Zion. I have you and all my kind friends in remembrance, and wish you and them *God speed* in your journey. God will fight *in*, as he has done *for* us; and will make us more than conquerors over his and our enemies. Then need we not give way to fear, but look to JESUS, who is the Saviour and Friend of Sinners. All our straits and snares are known to him, and he will preserve us safe, and make a way for our escape.

'Providences look dark: but the God of them can make them become light to the nation. Hope your and my heart, and those of our friends, will experience the Lord dwelling in them. Then all will be well, and we shall sing, and give thanks, and wonder, at the love which has been extended to us; not because we are better than others, but because the Lord is good, and his tender mercy is over all his works.—May the good Lord bless you abundantly in your soul and substance, and give you every blessing richly to enjoy.

I am, Madam,
Your ever affectionate, and
much obliged Servant,
J. R.

P. S. Your favour of ——— came safe to hand.

THE

SPIRITUAL BEE.

[No. I.]

IT is the nature of the BEE to rove from flower to flower and to collect honey from them all to enrich its hive. The SPIRITUAL Bee will wander through all the fields of sacred literature and science, in order to form a treasure of their sweets. Or, to speak without a figure, it is the design of these papers to collect anecdotes, fragments of history, striking sentiments, judicious apothegms, useful criticisms, literary curiosities, and other articles, which may seem calculated to entertain, and at the same time to instruct and spiritualize the human mind.—As a farther explanation of our design, we submit the following specimen of the different articles we purpose to include.

ANECDOTES.

THE late MR. ROBINSON, of Cambridge, called upon a friend just as he had received a letter from his son, who was surgeon on board a vessel then laying off *Smyrna*. The son mentioned to his father, that every morning about sun-rise, a fresh gale of air blew from the sea across the land, and from its wholesomeness and utility in clearing the infected air, this wind is always called the DOCTOR. 'Now,' says Mr. Robinson, 'it strikes me 'that the prophet Malachi, who lived in that quar-

10 Mar. 42

'ter of the world, might allude to this circumstance, 'when he says "The sun of righteousness shall "arise with healing in his wings." The Psalmist 'mentions "the wings of the wind," and it appears 'to me that this salubrious breeze which attends 'the rising of the sun, may be properly enough 'considered as the *wings* of the sun, which contain 'such healing influences, rather than the beams of 'the sun, as that passage has been commonly un-'derstood.'

OLD MR. THOMAS BRADBURY was remarkable for a strict punctuality in family devotion. One evening when the bell had rung, the servants ran hastily up to prayer, and forgot to shut the area door, next the street. Some fellows seeking an opportunity to commit a robbery, happened to observe the door open, and one of them getting over the pallisades entered the house. Creeping up stairs he heard the old gentleman at prayer, that God would preserve his house from thieves. The man was thunder-struck, and unable to persist in his design. He therefore returned and told the circumstance to his companions, who abused his timidity. But the man himself was so affected, that some time after he related the event to Mr. B. and became an attendant on his ministry.

THE witty Earl of ROCHESTER being once in company with King Charles II. his Queen, Chaplain, and some ministers of state; after they had

been discoursing on public business, the King of a sudden exclaimed—'Let our thoughts be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of WINE, THAT CHEERETH, as the scripture saith, BOTH GOD AND MAN.' The Queen hearing this, modestly said, she thought there could be no such text in scripture, and that the idea was little less than blasphemy. The King replied, that he was not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but he was sure he had met with it in his scripture reading. The Chaplain was appealed to, and he was of the same opinion with the Queen. Rochester suspecting the King to be right, and being no friend to the Chaplain, slipt out of the room to enquire among the servants, if any of them were conversant with the Bible. They named *David*, the Scotch Cook, who always carried a Bible about him; and David being called, recollected both the text, and where to find it. Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the King. This text was still the topic of conversation, and Rochester moved to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the scriptures. David appeared, and being asked the question, produced his Bible and read the text (Judges ix. 13.) The King smiled, the Queen asked pardon, and the Chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the Dr. if he could interpret the text, since it was produced; but he was mute. The Earl, therefore, applied to David for the exposition. The Cook immediately replied, 'How much wine cheereth MAN,

'your Lordship knows: and that it cheereth GOD,
'I beg leave to say, that, under the Old Testament
'dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-
'offerings. The latter consisted of WINE, which
'was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which,
'by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was
'well pleased in the way of salvation he had ap-
'pointed; whereby his justice was satisfied, his law
'fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumph-
'ed, all the divine perfections harmonized, the sin-
'ner was saved, and God in Christ glorified.'

The King was agreeably surprised at this evangelical exposition; Rochester applauded, and after some severe reflections upon the Chaplain, very gravely moved, that his Majesty would be pleased to make the Chaplain his Cook, and this Cook his Chaplain.

AN Indian woman from Mevissing, paid a visit to one of the brethren, and told him, that as soon as she had a good heart, she would also turn to the Lord Jesus. 'Ah,' replied John, 'you want to 'walk on your head! How can you get a good 'heart, unless you come first to Jesus.'

Missions of the United Brethren.

CRITICISM ON JOHN XIX. 14.

(FROM MR. HARMER.)

'*And it was about the sixth hour.*'

NOT, I apprehend, the sixth hour of the day, (*i. e.* after the rising of the sun) but the sixth hour

of the PREPARATION of the Passover peace-offerings, which began, according to *Lightfoot*, from the time of cock-crowing, and without controversy, before the day dawned; and might therefore very well agree with St. Mark's account of its being the third hour of the day, when he was led away to be crucified. This only supposes the preparation for sacrificing these peace-offerings began about three o'clock in the morning, as we reckon the hours, but if Lightfoot be right, might be earlier, since the cock-crowing was the third watch of the night, from midnight till about three in the morning.

This appears to me the most simple and natural solution of a difficulty, which has perplexed many of the learned, arising from a seeming contradiction between St. Mark and St. John, as to the time of the beginning of our Lord's crucifixion. St. Mark *had* said nothing of this day's being a day of preparation before the sabbath, when he mentions the third hour, nor for several verses after, he must therefore have meant the hour of the day; but St John mentions the preparation of the Passover immediately before he speaks of the sixth hour, which therefore expresses as naturally the sixth hour of the preparation (if not more so) as the hour from the sun's rising.

Harmer's Observations,
No. 40, vol. iii.

THE ASWAMEDHA JUG.

THIS is an ancient Indian rite, in which a horse was brought and sacrificed, with some rites very

similar to those prescribed in the Mosaic law. 'The horse, so sacrificed, is in place of the sacrificer, bears his sins with him into the wilderness, into which he is turned adrift (for, from this particular instance, it seems that the sacrificing-knife was not always employed) and becomes the expiatory victim of those sins.' Mr. HALHED observes, that this ceremony reminds us of the *scape-goat* of the Israelites; and, indeed, it is not the only one in which a particular coincidence between the Hindoo and Mosaic systems of theology may be traced.

See HALHED'S *Preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws*, p. 9.

ANOINTED STONES.

ONE of the idols in the pagoda of Jaggernaut is described by Captain Hamilton as a *huge black stone*, of a pyramidal form, and the *Sommona codom* among the Siamese is of the same complexion.

The *Ayeen Akbery* mentions an octagonal pillar of black stone, fifty cubits high. Tavernier observes an idol of black stone in the pagoda of Benares, and that the statue of Creeshna, in his celebrated temple of Mathura, is of black marble. It is very remarkable, that one of the principal ceremonies incumbent upon the priests of these stone deities, according to Tavernier, is to anoint them daily with odoriferous oils; a circumstance which immediately brings to our remembrance the similar practice of Jacob, who after the famous vision of

'the celestial *ladder*, recorded in scripture, 'took 'the stone which he had put for his pillow, and 'set it up for a *pillar*, and poured oil upon the top 'of it!' It is added, that he called the name of that place BETH-EL; that is, 'the house of God,' as the patriarch himself explains the word; 'for this stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be called God's house!' (Genesis xxviii. 18.) This passage evinces, of how great antiquity is the custom of considering stones in a sacred light, as well as the anointing them with consecrating oil. From this conduct of Jacob, and this Hebrew appellative, the learned BOCHART, with great ingenuity and reason, insists that the name and veneration of the sacred stones called BÆTYLI, so celebrated in all Pagan antiquity were derived. These Bætyli were stones of a round form; they were supposed to be animated, by means of magical incantations, with a portion of the Deity; they were consulted, on occasions of great and pressing emergency, as a kind of divine oracles, and were suspended, either round the neck, or some other part of the body of the enraptured devotee. Thus the setting up of a stone, by this holy person, in grateful memory of the celestial vision .... probably became the occasion of the idolatry in succeeding ages, to these shapeless masses of unhewn stone, of which so many astonishing remains are scattered up and down the Asiatic, and I may add the European world.

MAURICE'S *Indian Antiquities*,
Vol. ii. page 355, &c.

HEBREW PRINTING.

SOME of the old Rabbins have boasted, that they have had the art of printing among them ever since the time of Job. Though this is absurd in the extreme, it yet appears that the printing art was very early employed in the service of the Hebrew Scriptures. J. B. DE ROSSI, who hath investigated this subject with great diligence and learning, in a Latin dissertation, lately printed at *Parma*, has ascertained the first use of Hebrew types to have been in the year 1475, and that the first Hebrew printers were Ab. Ben Garton and Mesullum Kozi. The first Hebrew works printed were a Penteteuch, and the Commentary of R. Sol. Jarchi. This art was afterwards exercised at Mantua, by Ab. Conatus; and at Ferrara by Ab. Ben Chajim of Pesaro, who likewise transplanted it to Bologna and *Soncino*, in which last place the first complete Hebrew Bible, with points and accents, in small folio, was printed in 1488: and the society of the *Soncinates*, carried on the branch with great success not only at Soncino (whence the appellation) but also at Naples, and other places.

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

ORIGINAL POETIC EPISTLE

From the late REV. BEN. B----ME, to the late REV. JOHN RYLAND; written from Tewksbury, the Day after he had left Bristol, his friend Ryland having accompanied him about ten Miles from Town.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHEN of your company bereft,
I turn'd a little to the left;
I spurr'd my mare, and made her go
Thro' thick and thin, thro' hail and snow:
But she (alas!) is aged grown,
As by her pace may well be known.
To Tethrington I came at last,
At nine o'clock, or somewhat past;
Down by the fire I straightway sat,
Hoping the snow wou'd soon abate.
From head to foot (alas) wet thro',
I dry'd my coat, and stockings too.
I ate and drank, and fed my horse:
(The charge was small, the diet coarse:)
But now an hour full expir'd,
And I with waiting almost tir'd;
I call'd to know what was to pay,
Then took my horse and rode away.
Large flakes of snow came down apace,
And still the wind was in my face:

With feet benumb'd and spirits down,
At length I came to Newport town;
Then on I pass'd to Cambridge inn,
And there arriv'd wet to the skin.
Again I drank, again I ate,
And gave my horse a little meat:
Again I dry'd, and on I went,
Nor e'er repin'd at what I spent.
Still heavy clouds obscur'd the sky,
Now rains descended from on high.
I travell'd on, and thought of you,
And Bristol friends, and you know who;
Perhaps (said I) some of them see
The beating storm, and think of me.
Sometimes I wish'd that heav'nly grace
Might thus bedew our fallen race.
'The Lord (said I) with gentle show'rs
'Visit these barren souls of ours,
'Till ev'ry plant of grace within
'Be like the earth more fresh and green!'
At Gloster now did I arrive,
A quarter wanting just of five;
At Mrs. Smith's I made some stay,
Tir'd with the labours of the day.
Such acts of kindness there I met,
'Twou'd be ungrateful to forget.
A welcome glass, some cheering tea,
I wish'd my RYLAND there with me;
If ever you to Gloster come,
I'd have you make that house your home.

But still to Tewksbury I must go;
There's nought enduring here below:
And now the heav'ns more fair and bright
(At even-tide there oft is light:)
I took the hint and mounted straight,
And got to Tewkesbury just at eight.
O thou o'er-ruling Power above,
Accept the tribute of my love!
O thou upholder of my ways,
Now tune my lips to grateful praise!
This night I've had a little sleep,
And onwards am compell'd to keep.
The Lord be with you, my dear friend,
And me to those I know commend.
To parents dear be love exprest,
And then to Mrs. Evans next.
First read, then burn, these doggrel lines:
But I must haste—Sol brightly shines.
Then think of me as I of you:
My dearest friend, once more adieu.

B. B.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' incarnate WORD!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honour of my Lord!

Come tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore th' eternal Son.

Yet ah! how far beneath his feet
Must faint your noblest lays!
So high the theme, the notes so sweet,
How short of his due praise!

His grace is known in heaven above,
And felt his pow'r in hell;
Yet saints can ne'er speak half his love,
Nor fiends his fury tell.

None but thy wisdom, Lord, hath known,
None but thyself can trace,
The awful glories of thy throne,
Or myst'ries of thy grace.

INGENUUS.

EPIGRAM

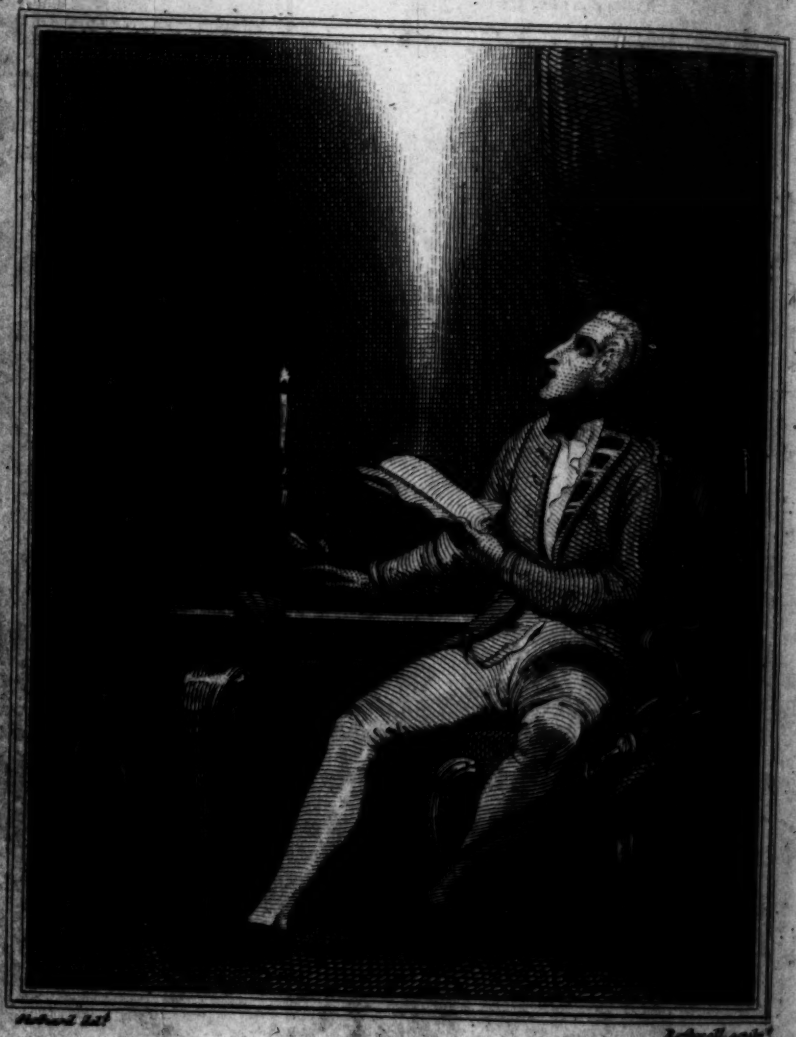
BY DR. DODDRIDGE,

On the Motto of his Family Arms,

'Dum vivimus vivamus.'

'LIVE while you live,' the Epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasure of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred Preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my view, let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live in thee.

BRITISH
17 AP 90
MUSEUM



Richard Ltd

Rothwell sculp.

COLONEL GARDINER'S CONVERSION.

London Published March 30th 1797 by T. Hopkins at 11 Fleet Street

NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION OF *COLONEL GARDINER*, WITH OBSERVATIONS.

[Embellished with an Engraving.]

THE life of Colonel Gardiner is so well known, that we conceive a biographical memoir of him would have little novelty to recommend it to our readers: we shall therefore confine ourselves to the single fact of his conversion, represented in our engraving, adding only a few remarks to improve and illustrate that event.

The fact itself, is thus related by Dr. DODDRIDGE, who had it from the Colonel's own lips.

'This memorable event happened towards the 'middle of July 1719 (at Paris.) The Major had 'spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was 'the sabbath,) in some gay company, and had an 'unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom 'he was to attend exactly at twelve. The compa-'ny broke up about eleven; and, not judging it 'convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he 'went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour. 'It very accidently happened, that he took up a 'religious book, which his good mother or aunt 'had, without his knowledge, slipped into his port-'manteau. It was called—"The Christian Soldier, "or Heaven taken by storm," written by Mr. *T.*

'*Watson*." Guessing by the title of it that he should 'find some phrases of his own profession spiritua-'lized, in a manner which he thought might afford 'him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; 'but he took no serious notice of any thing he 'read; and yet while this book was in his hand, 'an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps 'God only knows how) which drew after it a train 'of the most important and happy consequences.

* * * * * * * * *

'He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall 'on the book, while he was reading, which he him-'self imagined might happen by some accident in 'the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he appre-'hended, to his extreme amazement, that there 'was before him, as it were suspended in the air, 'a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ 'upon the Cross, surrounded on all sides with a 'glory; and was impressed, as if a voice, or some-'thing equivalent to a voice, had come to him to 'this effect—"Oh, sinner, did not I suffer this for 'thee, and are these the returns!" But whether 'this were an audible voice, or only a strong im-'pression on his mind equally striking, he did not 'seem very confident; though, to the best of my 'remembrance, he rather judged it to be the former. 'Struck with so amazing a phænomenon as this, 'there remained hardly any life in him, so that he 'sunk down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and 'continued, he knew not exactly how long, insen-

'sible; but however that were, he quickly after 'opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than 'usual.

'It may easily be supposed he was in no condi-'tion to make any observation upon the time in 'which he had remained in an insensible state. 'Nor did he, throughout all the remainder of the 'night, once recollect that criminal and detestable 'assignation which had before engrossed all his 'thoughts. He rose in a tumult of passions, not to 'be conceived, and walked to and fro in his cham-'ber, till he was ready to drop down in unutterable 'astonishment and agony of heart, appearing to 'himself the vilest monster in the creation of 'God; who had been all his life-time crucifying 'Christ afresh by his sins, and now saw, as he as-'suredly believed, by a miraculous vision, the hor-'ror of what he had done. With this was con-'nected such a view, both of the majesty and good-'ness of God, as caused him to loathe and abhor 'himself, and to repent in dust and ashes. He 'immediately gave judgment against himself: he 'was astonished that he had not been struck dead 'in the midst of his wickedness: and (which I 'think deserves particular remark) though he as-'suredly believed that he should ere long be in 'hell, and settled it as a point with himself for se-'veral months, that the wisdom and justice of God, 'did almost necessarily require this, so that he 'hardly durst presume so ask for pardon; yet

'what he then suffered was *not so much* from the 'fear of hell . . . . as from a sense of that horrible 'ingratitude he had shewn to the God of his life, 'and to that blessed Redeemer, who had been in so 'affecting a manner set forth as crucified before 'him.'

Upon this narrative, the authority of which is unquestionable, we would offer but two or three brief remarks.

1. That though God usually makes use of means in conversion, he is not confined to them, but can work above and independant of them, as appears in this instance and in some others. Paul's conversion was evidently similar, in more respects than one. Honest JOHN BUNYAN, whose veracity is unimpeachable, represents his own conversion as wrought in a manner very similar, both in respect of the vision and the voice *, and several other like instances might be collected. *Infidelity* smiles, and asks 'How can these things be?' But it is no sufficient refutation of an alledged fact, to say, that we cannot account for it. The credibility of the witnesses is beyond dispute: and the power of God unlimited. He has indeed withdrawn the power of working miracles from men, but he has not circumscribed himself; and when his glory in the salvation of a sinner is the object, who shall say that such exertions are improper?—I would add,

* See Grace abounding—or the Life of J. B. prefixed to Heptinstall's edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. iii.

however, that these instances are not, perhaps, properly miraculous. Dr. Doddridge observes, that such visions are, 'when most real, supernatural impressions on the imagination, rather than 'attended with any external objects:' and so no more miraculous than such dreams as necessarily imply supernatural, or spiritual agency, which is clearly the case in many instances, if not in all.

2. This, and other similar cases, demonstrate the sovereignty of divine grace, and its independance of the previous state of the human mind. Saul was converted while he was mad against the saints; Colonel Gardiner, when his mind was full of uncleanness; and Bunyan, while he was at his vain amusements: will any man say that these were prepared to receive the grace of God?—Surely such instances, more than the most logical arguments, demonstrate the necessity and invincibility of Grace.

3. This narrative furnishes an excellent criterion whereby to form a judgment of our convictions, namely, from their tendency to create a hatred and disgust of sin, and to endear the crucified Saviour: and shews, that when our convictions are genuine, they not only produce the fear of Hell, but the fear of God, and the dread of sin.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[No. II.]

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

MR. CHRISTIAN's youngest son THOMAS, lately come from school (his education being completed) had dropt several hints which discovered his mind to have been poisoned with the principles of French atheism, suggested to him by his French teacher. His father is informed of this, but omits to charge him with it till, in the following conversation, he hears it from his own lips.—SAMUEL is the old gentleman's grandson, the son of THEOPHILUS, a child of about five years old, who was alone with THOMAS in the parlour.

SAMUEL. Uncle, who made this table?

THOMAS. The cabinet-maker, my dear.

SAM. And who made this stove?

THO. The smith.

SAM. And who made your clothes.

THO. The taylor, child.

SAM. And who made that bird?—(pointing to a canary-bird which hung in a cage just above them.)

THO. Nobody, my dear; that came from the egg of another bird.

SAM. And who made the first bird?

THO. How should I know, child? It sprung from an egg, I suppose.

SAM. And who made that egg?

THO. And why all these impertinent questions?

SAM. Because when I ask mamma, she says God

Almighty made birds, and every thing; but you don't say God Almighty made any thing.

THO. No, child; I don't know that he did make any thing.

At this moment entered old Mr. CHRISTIAN, and overheard the last words of the conversation, which fully confirmed his suspicions.—'What? THOMAS,' said he, a little severely, 'Don't you know that God made any thing? And are you sowing your Atheistical principles in the young heart of my grandson?'

'Sir,' said THOMAS, rather confusedly, 'he has been teazing me with his little questions till I was almost out of patience, and gave him the answer which I suppose you heard.'

'But, son,' replied the old Gentleman, the subject is too serious for such excuses. To deny your Maker because of the innocent impertinence of a child is shocking; and I am well persuaded such a sentiment could not have escaped your lips, if it had not been lodged in your heart.—But, THOMAS,' continued he, 'sit down, and let us talk a little on this very important subject.'—So drawing his own chair nearer the fire, and seating his little grandson on his knee, THOMAS rather reluctantly sat down on the other side of the fire-place, and his father proceeded.

Mr. CHRISTIAN. 'I have heard, son THOMAS, with much concern, several hints from different quarters, that you are tinctured with the French

Atheistical philosophy :—tell me frankly—is it true, or is it not?

THO. Sir, I confess our French usher used sometimes to philosophize with us, and ridicule the vulgar notions on the subject.

Mr. CHR. He denied the being of a God, then?

THO. He acknowledged no God but Nature.

Mr. CHR. And did you agree with him?

THO. I attempted to reason with him a little, at first; but finding he turned all my arguments to a jest, I let him have his own way.

Mr. CHR. And you began to think his way right?

THO. Sometimes, I confess, I did.

Mr. CHR. And sometimes you made use of the same reasoning with others.

THO. I believe I may have done so, to try my logical skill among my companions; but had no design to make confusion in my father's family.

Mr. CHR. It may be so, THOMAS; but it grieves me to think that yourself should be infected with notions so dangerous and destructive.

THO. What harm, sir, can they do me? I have not renounced the principles of honour, patriotism, or morality.

Mr. CHR. Perhaps, not yet; but did you never feel the doctrine of a Deity a check upon your moral conduct?

THO. Perhaps I may.

Mr. CHR. And since you have doubted his existence (to say the least) have you never in your vices, or what you may call your youthful foibles,

found yourself pleased with the idea that there might be no God to see them?

THO. I cannot altogether deny it.

Mr. CHR. Then you must own that the belief of a Divine Being is a restraint to vice.

THO. I must confess it, in some degree.

Mr. CHR. Yes, in the degree in which you believe it.

THO. But if there be no God, why should we be tormented with a non-entity?

Mr. CHR. You shock me, THOMAS. God is no torment to a good man, but the source of all his happiness:—but, as to his being—Look at yonder house—(pointing through the window to a new one, at some little distance)—how do you think it came there?

THO. It was built, certainly.

Mr. CHR. Did you see it built?

THO. No, sir, it has been built since I was at school.

Mr. CHR. But how do you prove it was built?

THO. Your question is singular, sir; I cannot doubt it—all houses are built.

Mr. CHR. But how would you prove *that* was?

THO. It is demonstrative from the work: there is the labour of the bricklayer, the mason, and the carpenter.

Mr. CHR. Then every house is built by some man?

THO. Undoubtedly.

Mr. CHR. Look then above—beneath—around

you. Is not the universe a palace of immense grandeur? The blue arch of heaven, how magnificent and sublime!—Every house, you admit, is built by some one; then admit the reasoning of our Apostle, and own, that 'he that built all things is God*.'

THO. Sir, I am not insensible to this argument; but will you permit me to state a few objections?

Mr. CHR. Most readily, and state them with all their force. Let us hear the strong reasonings of your infidel French apostle.

THO. You, doubtless, consider the Supreme as a perfect being?

Mr. CHR. Certainly.

THO. As is the author, so is his work.

Mr. CHR. Granted.

THO. But do not you see, sir, amidst all these splendid objects, a thousand errors and imperfections, both natural and moral?

Mr. CHR. THOMAS, look again at yonder house; What think you of it?

THO. It is not finished, sir.

Mr. CHR. How do you know that?

THO. By its appearance, sir.—One wing is higher than the other—there are no windows inserted—no floors—no portico—and, besides, the scaffolding is not all pulled down, and there are a variety of building materials, stone, brick, and timber lying round about it.

Mr. CHR. But what think you of the skill of the architect?

* Heb. iii. 4.

THO. I am no great judge of architecture, sir, but I think the design seems noble; and I dare say, from what I can see of it, it will be finished in a style suitable to the general idea.

Mr. CHR. But do you not observe several imperfections and defects in the building, in its present state?

THO. Sir, I anticipate your application, and stand self condemned. I dare not criticise the unfinished work of an artist, and yet I have been rash enough to censure the unfinished work of God.

Mr. CHR. I am happy, son, that you comprehend my meaning.—The present world, you see, is in an unfinished and imperfect state—many evils and imperfections you may, indeed, observe; but, when the scheme of Providence is completed, things may have quite a different appearance.—"Judge nothing, therefore, before the time," but take the counsel of the poet,

'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.'

YOUNG.

JEHOVAH JIREH.

ISAAC'S SOLILOQUY IN THE FIELDS.

ISAAC was accustomed to go out into the fields to meditate and pray; [Gen. xxiv. 63.] On such occasions a variety of subjects would occupy his attention; but, above all, I think he must often have reflected on the extraordinary event that happened to him in his youth, on Mount Moriah.—

Impressed with this idea, I have ventured to sketch for him the following Soliloquy, as he may be supposed to have been walking in the Land of Moriah, and within view of that famous mountain.

Over yonder mountains, [might he say,] well do I remember the morning when I accompanied my aged father, with the faggots on my shoulders, for a burnt-offering; and, little supposing who was to be the victim, innocently enquired—'My father, where is the Lamb?'—I remember too the tenderness, and methinks I see the affectionate tears, with which he answered JEHOVAH JIREH, the Lord will provide, my son. But when I came to the critical spot—when my father opened to me his design, or rather, his commission, and convinced me that the Lord required *me* to be the sacrifice, and *him* the priest,—what then were my sensations; and what my father's?—Yet even then the Lord supported us, and our souls were filled with such divine communications, that I had felt ecstasy even in death. Nor was my father less elevated beyond himself. I remember his expressive countenance: faith and grief, hope and sorrow, were marked in every lineament: agonized with affection, yet enraptured with devotion. He obeyed, and I was sacrificed.—Yes, the deed was done in both our intentions—the deed was done in God's estimation. —Ah! I heard the voice from heaven, 'Abraham, Abraham, touch not the lad:'—and here am I as one alive from the dead—a monument of Jehovah's goodness!

JEHOVAH JIREH! Yes, the Lord did provide himself a sacrifice; and I was spared in the moment of extremity.—What am I to learn from this?—Never to despair, or even doubt the goodness of Jehovah, or his fidelity. Certainly, the Lord never intended that I should be sacrificed; but only to try our faith and demonstrate his own superintending providence.—Never, then, O my soul, never distrust him in difficulties or in dangers!—Never can I be more apparently near to death—never in difficulties more seemingly inextricable: yet then the Lord appeared and delivered me; and surely never will he forsake me.

JEHOVAH JIREH! how full of import are these words!—I remember when my father Abraham gave that expressive name, he told me he had a farther view to the day of King MESSIAH. Illustrious Prince! what do these words import! Wilt thou *here* appear for the salvation of mankind?—Here will my Redeemer clothe himself with flesh, and put on the garments of salvation? Here will he offer up the great sacrifice that is to atone for man's transgression?—How will this be? Can he die, and yet live? Can he suffer, and yet reign? Mysterious subject! it is like the throne of God—clouds and darkness are round about it. Yet methinks the clouds are like the divine Shechinah; to the believing Hebrew they are full of light and glory. Yes: I believe he will atone, will die, will live, will reign; though I can neither comprehend, nor conjecture how.—O for my father Abraham's

faith, that I may rejoice and triumph in the distant prospect of Messiah's day, with the same confidence as he doth!

INGENUUS.

CONVERSATIONS
OF THE
SPIRITUAL WORLD.
[No. II.]
BETWEEN ADAM AND NOAH.

ARGUMENT.

The Salvation of Adam was long a famous problem among Divines: and it is certain the Scripture determines nothing positively respecting it. The communication of the first promise, however, to him, and the manner of it, have inclined most to hope, with a considerable degree of confidence, that he was saved.

It was foretold to Israel, that when they came to Canaan they should remember the way which the Lord their God had led them in the wilderness; and the following Conversation is founded on the supposition that a like recollection may obtain in Heaven; which idea is strongly favoured by several passages of Scripture.—See Luke xiii. 28.—xvi. 24, 25, &c.

NOAH.

GREAT Progenitor! You and I were witnesses of beautiful and extraordinary scenes on earth. You saw the young blooming creation before it was defiled by sin: and I saw the regenerated earth half delivered from the curse, and teeming with new fertility. But what were these to the glories which now surround us!

ADAM. They were, my son, as shadows to the substance: Paradise, in all its beauty, was but a type of heaven.

NOAH. Had you any expectation of a happier state than that terrestrial one, before the Fall?

ADAM. I had the Divine assurance that, on the continuance of my innocence and obedience, my felicity would both continue and encrease:—but I could have no conception of such a heaven as I have since found in the forgiving mercy of Jehovah.

NOAH. How came you first to seek an interest in that mercy, after you had fallen?

ADAM. Alas! sin is of an hardening nature in itself—the forbidden fruit was also noxious and stupifying in its effects—and both so far overcame me, that, at first, I sought excuses instead of mercy; and even reproached the Author of my being as my tempter.

NOAH. But when did you receive the first intimation of forgiveness?

ADAM. From that mysterious oracle which announced, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

NOAH. Did you understand it?

ADAM. But in part. I apprehend it was given in these mysterious words, and in that indirect manner, (being spoken to the serpent, or rather the evil spirit in it) to excite at once my enquiries and my penitence: for I could have no previous ground for expecting mercy; and yet, without a hope, I could have never sought it.

NOAH. But from this time, you understood something of the mysteries of salvation?

ADAM. They were gradually unfolded to me. I was taught to sacrifice, to direct me to the great atonement; and lived to see many gracious discoveries, by types, prophecies, and immediate revelations.

NOAH. And you taught your sons to sacrifice in the same manner?

ADAM. I did, with the reason and nature of those sacrifices; but I found neither my example nor instructions were able to counteract that depravity which was the consequence of my first transgression.

NOAH. Cain was an unhappy instance of this: Did not his conduct greatly afflict you and his mother?

ADAM. Inconceivably, on many accounts. We were grieved for dear affectionate Abel, whose amiable disposition rendered him dear to us, as his piety was highly acceptable to God.

NOAH. This was the first instance, I think, of death, at least among mankind.

ADAM. And an awful instance, indeed, it was. It was then I first tasted the bitterness of death; and I shall never forget the agonies of Eve when first we discovered Abel's murder.

NOAH. And you, no doubt, grieved for Cain's guilt?

ADAM. Extremely:—and the more so, as we had

been the first cause of bringing sin and death into the world.

NOAH. You lived also to see the spread of sin, and a general declension among mankind.

ADAM. Yes: and you witnessed the awful destruction they brought upon themselves.

NOAH. To my great concern:—but the Lord spared me, and my family, for my sake.

ADAM. Doubtless, you warned mankind of their danger?

NOAH. During the whole time the ark was building, above an hundred years, I ceased not to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

ADAM. What said they?

NOAH. The philosophers denied the possibility of the fact. They said, there was not sufficient water, either in the clouds or in the seas, to drown the globe. Or, if it were so, they said my Ark would afford me no security: and that it was impossible so huge a vessel as I was building could ever swim. Others insisted, that it was much too small to answer my expectations. But the greater part jested with me; and endeavoured to ridicule me out of my design.

ADAM. Did none of these things move you?

NOAH. I cannot say but my faith was greatly tried, and must have failed, had it not been for Divine supports.

ADAM. What said they when the Ark was finished, and you was about to enter it?

NOAH. They thought me beside myself: they saw no signs of an approaching deluge.

ADAM. Your feelings on their destruction were, no doubt, painful?

NOAH. Exceedingly, at first: but the Lord precluded me from assisting them; and, at the same time, gave me such a view of the equity of his conduct, and of his compassion too, that I was enabled to acquiesce in their destruction, and to offer praises for discriminating mercy.

ADAM. If it were not for such discoveries, and such a conformity to the Divine will, there would be something painful even in Heaven, to reflect on those we could wish to have found here, but they are not.

NOAH. Nothing contributes more to this, than the sense we have of our own unworthiness, and our obligations to free grace.

MINUS.

PART OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM THE LATE REV. J. RYLAND, M. A. TO MR. B——.

Northampton, May 11, 1766.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received both your letters, and feel an inexpressible sympathy with you on the present distressing occasion.

I have been thinking of some of the richest supports under trouble which we can derive from the glorious gospel of the blessed God.—His *love* is eternal, immutable, and inseparable from its objects.—Christ has yielded perfect and meritorious obedience; and has given a complete and infinite satisfaction to Divine Justice; so that the guilt of sin, and our obligation to punishment, is done away for ever.—The spirit of God hath destroyed the reign of sin within us: its dominion is irrecoverably lost in us that believe in Jesus Christ our Lord.—Omnipotence is at the command of infinite love; and infinite love will move and animate almighty power to glorious exertions on our behalf. Greater is almighty love that is in us, than the world, the flesh, and the devil, which are against us.

In these blessed words, 'I will be to you a GOD,' we have all the spirit and life of consolation. It is as if the blessed God had said—'My *spirituality* is suited to the nature of your souls:—My *eternity* is the duration of your happiness:—My *immutability* is the rock of your support:—My *omnipresence* is your companion and your friend:—My *omnipotence* is your guardian:—My *wisdom* your guide:—My *goodness* and *mercy* your treasure:—My *holiness* the fountain of your sanctification:—My *justice* the revenger of your wrongs, and the rewarder of your services:—My *faithfulness* your security:—My *dominion* the basis of your salvation:—and mine *all-sufficiency* your portion for ever. . . . .

Your's, &c.

GOOD NEWS TO ISRAEL;

OR,

LETTERS TO THE JEWS.

[No. II.]

CHILDREN of Israel, in reviewing the prophecies which respect MESSIAH, I purpose to compare them, both with the New Testament, and the writings of your fathers;—with the *former* to shew the application of them to JESUS of Nazareth; and with the *latter* to prove that such an application is perfectly consistent with your ancient mode of interpretation.

Very soon after the fall it was promised to Adam, that "the seed of the woman" should bruise the serpent's head, which Eve appears to have understood of some divine and extraordinary child to be born of her; and therefore in her anxiety and confidence in the promise, named her first-born CAIN; an *acquisition*, because, says she, "I have gotten a man from the Lord"—meaning, probably, the man-child by whom the serpent was to be conquered and mankind restored.*—It is observable, that in this promise the grand victory over the serpent was to be by suffering "it shall bruise thy nead and thou shalt bruise his heel:" *i. e.* Thou shalt *wound him*, but he shall *kill thee*; for a small blow on the head is well known to be fatal to the serpent.

The tradition of this, it is likely, made the great

* Vide Reuchlin Cabalæ, lib. i. p. 629. Quoted *Allix's* Judgment of the Jewish Church, p. 42.

promise to Abraham more intelligible and explicit—"In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed:" *i. e.* From thee shall arise the Messiah, who shall be a blessing to all nations. And the same idea was continued in the later predictions of Isaiah and others, of a wonderful child to be born in an extraordinary way, as we shall see hereafter.—Let us now compare these passages with the New Testament.

Gen. iii. 15. It [the seed of the woman] shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.	Col. ii. 15. Having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it—[or BY it.]
Gen. xxii. 18. In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.	Gal. iii. 16. Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not "And to seeds" as of many; but as of one, "And to thy seed:" which is Christ.

The former text from the New Testament represents Jesus as triumphant on his cross, and exhibiting a grand spectacle of all the powers of darkness foiled and vanquished. Certainly if Christianity be true, this idea is equally magnificent and just; for it was, as the same Apostle tells your nation, for this end that he took flesh and blood; "that through death, [*i. e.* by suffering death,] he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Heb. ii. 14.

That your ancestors expected such a Messiah,

i. e. one who was to triumph in death; will be fully shewn hereafter. In the mean time I would observe, that this seems the true source of the notion of many of your Rabbins, that there should be two Messiahs, and that one of these, Messiah ben Ephraim, should die in battle; because they saw it was foretold that he must die, and they considered the *field of battle* as the *bed of honour*.

To convince you that these promises were applied to the Messiah, we can refer you to your own Targum and most-esteemed Doctors. Your *Jerusalem Targum* expressly refers the fulfilment of the first promise to the last days, the days of King MESSIAH: so does Rabbi *Menachem*, on Lev. xxv. who observes, from the ancient Cabbalists, that 'so long as the spirit of uncleanness is not taken 'out of the world, the souls that come down into 'the world must needs die—and so, all the souls 'that are created, and become unclean by that 'filthiness, must needs die before the coming of 'MESSIAH,—and at his coming all souls shall be 'thenceforth consummate, or perfect.'

Farther, that the curse was not confined to the material serpent, but referred to Satan and his angels, appears to be the judgment of other of your ancient writers, who assert, that at this time God 'did cast *Sammael* (i. e. the devil) and his 'company out of heaven, and cut off the feet of 'the serpent, and cursed him.*

* Pirke R. *Eliezer*, c. xiv.—See also the Rabbins quoted in *Helvicus*, Protevang. No. 64.—*Poli* Syn. Crit. in loc.—and *Owen* on the Heb. Exercit. Part ii. Ex. 1.

The 2d text from St. Paul is so exactly in the method of arguing used by your ancient Cabalistic Doctors, that it is highly probable he learned it at the feet of Gamaliel, his master. That the blessing of Abraham was understood anciently to have a special reference to the Messiah, I have no doubt, though I cannot directly cite authority; those however who admit that the seed of the woman refers to him, will not dispute this application of the seed of Abraham.

I am aware that many modern Jews understand this of other Jews wishing themselves or friends the same blessing promised to Isaac. But it appears from Ecclesiasticus xliv. 21. That the ancient Jews understood the promise of all nations being blessed through Abraham's descendants, and for his sake. For thus says the Son of Sirach, 'Abraham '.... was found faithful. Therefore he [God] 'assured him by an oath, that he would bless the 'nations in his seed, and that he would multiply 'him as the dust of the earth, and exalt his seed 'as the stars, and cause them to inherit from sea 'to sea, and from the river unto the utmost part of 'the land, [or earth, תבל ארץ.] With Isaac did he 'establish likewise (for Abraham his father's sake) 'the blessing of *all men*, and the covenant, and 'made it rest upon the head of Jacob.'—Dr. *Allix* says, that in *Sephir Chasidim* [§. 961.] it is explained of the calling of the Gentiles by the MESSIAH.†

† Judgment of the Jewish Church, p. 57.

The next prophecy we shall consider is the celebrated one of Jacob, respecting *Shiloh*; but as this will require to be discussed at some length, it must be deferred: in the meantime requesting the above hints may be the subjects both of your consideration and earnest prayer to the God of Israel, I remain,

Your's, &c.

PHILO.

ON THE

PREVALENCE OF INFIDELITY.

A circular Letter from the Ministers and Messengers of the Baptist Association, held at Philadelphia, October 6, 1796,

TO THE CHURCHES THEY REPRESENT.

Written by the Rev. W. STAUGHTON, *of Jacob's Town.*

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

ACCORDING to the good hand of our God upon us, we are again met in association. With gratitude to him who is Head over all things to the church, we mention, that the various letters we have received from the churches testify, that among them love and peace prevail, and that in like manner harmony has crowned our recent deliberations.

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Not more from the present state of religion, than from the pious hints suggested in your letters, our

thoughts are turned to the prevalence of infidelity. —With that regret and anxiety which every good man must feel when the godly man ceaseth, and when the wicked prevail, we observe crowds of unreflecting youths pressing on to ruin, fascinated with systems which, though congenial with depravity, are at an infinite remove from holiness and truth. Our eyes, our ears, affect our hearts, while we perceive the sophistry admired which is pointed against the gospel of Christ, and the course of thought and conversation, which tends to the advancement of guilt and confusion, applauded as fashionable and just.

To trace this evil to its proper source, we must recur to the original depravity of man; but we perceive a less distant cause in the revolutions of empire. Our God sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and guides its affairs as his infinite perfections direct; yet its vicissitudes are usually so connected, that one event appears naturally to rise out of another. Europe has for ages been deluged in superstition, and even where the reformation had destroyed its servile fetters, among the professors of religion, little of the power of godliness was visible.

We rejoice in the progress of civil liberty, because so intimately related to the liberty with which Christ has made us free; but we perceive that as it moves, papal superstition and protestant insensibility are brought to light.—While these are

by their advocates termed religion, the infidel, with an air of plausibility, exclaims—*All religion is vain!*

Permit us, Christian Brethren, as such who watch for your souls, to guard your minds against the influence of this prevailing evil. In this unfriendly world, popular sentiments, though evidently erroneous, sometimes produce an unhappy effect on the minds of such who are coming up out of the world. The unavoidable habits of society operating in conjunction with remaining depravity, too frequently give a tone to the thoughts and actions of believers, which is contrary to the simplicity that is in Christ. —Brethren, forgive the jealousy we feel, lest they produce this effect among you.

As an antidote to this evil, we affectionately exhort you to labour after an enlarged acquaintance with divine truth. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—You have a reason of the hope that is in you, stand prepared, on every proper occasion, to give it with meekness and fear.—While you implore the teaching of the Spirit of God, search the scriptures.—The religion of Jesus courts the investigation of all, but it has a special claim on the attention of the righteous. Ye are set as a defence of the gospel, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, is put into your hands, be ambitious to use it with a happy dexterity.—Prompt and ingenious are the sons of infidelity in disseminating error; and shall the sons of God be inactive and unskilful in the support of truth?—

Never do the triumphs of an infidel rise higher than when a man of God stands foiled before him.

But while we urge you to seek an increase of the knowledge of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, when duty invites, to appear as the advocates for evangelical piety, we beseech you scrupulously to banish a love of vain disputation. Aware of the invincible arguments in favour of the truth as it is in Jesus, and prone to mingle our personal interests with the subject we defend, we are in danger of disputing for the poor reward of victory.

Remember, Brethren, the religion we profess is of infinite moment; seriousness ought to attend all our labours to maintain its truth. If you attempt to defend the gospel with infidel wit and heroism, a wound will be received in the house of a friend; but when you appear in its defence with all the weight of eternal concerns on your minds, the circumstance, like the splendour on the countenance of Moses, will make a rebellious people tremble. It is acknowledged that the shafts of satire are sometimes projected with success against vice and error; but they more frequently fall pointless to the ground. The weapon is dangerous, and in the sacred pages little used. Every sentiment hath its natural influence. The tendency of infidelity is to produce ridicule and folly, while wisdom and seriousness are the offspring of religion. When we by folly and ridicule attempt to overturn popular errors, we give the wicked an easy triumph, by

indulging in ourselves the unhappy influence, at the time we condemn the sentiment. But before a holy savour of truth, as before the incense of the altar in Bethel, the lifted arm of every opposing Jeroboam will be dried up.

But, Brethren, it is not enough that ye maintain the truth by argument: the purity of your walk and conversation will best demonstrate the sincerity and excellency of your faith. Errors have, for ages, distracted the Christian church; but they have generally originated in the ungodly lives of the professors of religion. The enemies of the cross blend together the gospel of Christ, and the lives of its subjects; and when believers sin, ascribe the iniquity to the gospel itself. At a time like the present, when the adversaries of truth are torturing their invention for new arguments against the cause which ought to be dearer to you than your lives, how ought ye to walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, that by well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men!

There is, Brethren, an awfulness in piety, before the display of which the most hardened infidel is occasionally confounded. While your conversation is as becometh the gospel of Christ, assure yourselves, that though the ungodly outwardly laugh at and contemn you, they inwardly tremble and approve.

For nearly a century past, shame, arising from derision, has been but little realised in the church: we have long sat peaceful and blest as under vines

and fig-trees. But in the present day, by appearing as the friends of vital and experimental godliness, by determining, assisted by the Holy Spirit, to follow the Lamb of God, whithersoever he goeth, we must expect to have our ideas pitied as mistaken, and our affections derided as enthusiastic. But to suffer for well-doing is an honour; and while we consider shame for the sake of Jesus, not as an evil patiently to be borne, but as a mark of glory of which, like the apostles, we are accounted worthy, like them we shall rejoice in him.

When you enter the sanctuary of the Lord, or retire into your closets and hold communion with your own hearts, and with the God of your salvation, the hard speeches of the wicked will appear lighter than vanity; and while you reflect, that the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, and that base things of the world are chosen to confound the mighty; for the aversion of the learned and opulent in our day you will as easily account, as for the conduct of the Jews and Greeks, in the days of the apostles, in pronouncing the preaching of the cross a stumbling block and foolishness. As the purity of the gospel is deducible from the aversion of wicked men, so the impurity of infidel opinions is demonstrable from their passionate zeal for their diffusion.

From the earliest ages of time the world has had its course.—Lust, idolatry, persecution, and superstition, have successively been as mighty streams on which thousands have been borne along to ruin.

At present, infidelity prevails; but it is an evil, and every evil, like the frail body of man, has the principal of decay within itself. An infidel exhibits his sentiments, and considers them as a lamp to the nations. His actions testify it is the lamp of the wicked, and Heaven declares the lamp of the wicked shall be put out.

While the nations rage and the earth is moved, ye who love the God of Israel and pray for the prosperity of Zion, like venerable Eli, when the Philistines were contending between Ebenezer and Aphek, may tremble for the ark of the Lord; but not like him shall ye sink under the distressing information, that the ark is taken—the kingdom of Jesus overthrown. Universal empire and permanent prosperity, are promised to the great Redeemer: of the increase of his dominion and peace there shall be no end. The present spread of infidelity, far from portending the destruction of Christianity, establishes its truth by fulfilling its predictions. The earth is waxing old like a garment, and like smoke, the heavens will shortly vanish away; all flesh is grass, and the grass withereth, but the word of our God, which by the gospel is preached unto you, shall stand for ever. Banish Christianity from the world, and what remains but guilt and death? But *this* is a living system, and must prevail till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

When pursuing the interests of Zion, we are fellow workers with God. Do we pray for the com-

ing of our Saviour's kingdom? Martyrs, at the foot of the altar, join our prayers. Do we groan? We groan with the creation, which travails for the redemption of the body of the righteous. Do we expect the period? We expect with Jesus. At the right-hand of his Father he sits, henceforth expecting until his enemies be made his footstool.

The God of heaven baffles the designs of Satan, and laughs at the rage of the wicked against his anointed. When persecution was stirred up at Jerusalem, the disciples indeed were scattered; but by their dispersion their sound went out into all lands, and their words unto the end of the world. As persecution was formerly made to promote the gospel, by separating the disciples, in the present age, infidelity appears to answer the same grand design, by uniting them together. The distinctions which till lately destroyed the happiness of the different sects of Christians, lose their importance, while they prepare to encounter a common enemy. When the tribes of Israel were at peace with surrounding nations, contentions commonly existed among themselves: but when a foreign foe drew near to battle, the different tribeships were forgotten, while in one great band, as the people of God, they marched to contest and victory.

Amid the important revolutions with which we are daily familiar, let us pray that, standing with our loins girt about, and our lamps burning, we

may be prepared for every event, and that, our work on earth being finished, we may enter into the joy of our Lord.

Signed, in behalf of the whole,

SAMUEL JONES, Moderator.
BURGISS ALLISON, Clerk.

THE

SPIRITUAL BEE.

[No. II.]

ANECDOTES OF SIR J. BARNARD.

THIS venerable man, after serving his country in the various important characters of Chief Magistrate, Representative in Parliament, and Father of the city of London, at the age of 73, retired from public life with the universal applause of his fellow-citizens. Soon after this event, which happened in 1758, he met in company with a right reverend prelate, who thus saluted him:—'I am glad 'of this opportunity to congratulate you, sir, upon 'your honourable retirement from the stage of 'public life, after having acted your part on it so 'much to the emolument of your country, and your 'own glory. In your old age you can now enjoy 'what *Tully*, and all the ancients have told us, is 'the best support of the mind, under the decay of 'the body—you can look back on a life employed 'much to the good of mankind.'

To this, he replied—'You mentioned *Tully*, my 'Lord. He was, you know, a heathen.'—'I grant

'it,' said his Lordship, 'but he was a very *wise* 'man.—'A very vain one, I have always thought,' returned Sir John; adding, 'that though a life 'stained with crimes, or wasted in dissipation, must 'afford a terrifying retrospect indeed; yet, for my 'own part, I never can think of looking back upon 'what I have been, or done, to find consolation 'from it: that must spring, I think, from another 'source.'

Upon being once asked in company, whether he had read the works of Lord *Bolingbroke*, then just published, he answered, 'No;' nor did he intend, for several reasons. 'One, because the Bible per-'fectly satisfies me: I find there all I want.—'Another, because even a fool may ask questions 'which a wise man cannot answer.'

WORTH OF THE BIBLE.

AFFLICTIONS teach us the worth of our Bibles. The Bible is but an insipid book before afflictions bring us to feel the want of it, and then how many comfortable passages do we find, which lay neglected and unknown before! I recollect an instance in the history of some who fled from this country to that then wild desert, America. Among many other hardships, they were sometimes in such straits for bread, that the very crusts of their former tables in England would have been a dainty to them. Necessity drove the women and children to the sea side to look for a ship, expected to bring them provision: but no ship for many weeks appeared:—however, they saw in the sand vast quantities of shell

fish, since called *clams*, a kind of muscle. Hunger compelled them to taste, and at length they almost fed wholly on them, and, to their own astonishment, were as cheerful, fat, and lusty, as they had been in England, with their fill of the best provisions. A worthy man, one day, after they had all dined on clams without bread, returned thanks to God for causing them to 'suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand,' a passage in Deuteronomy till then unobserved by the company, but which ever after endeared the writings of Moses to them. R. ROBINSON.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

So inflexible is Divine Justice, that bold and daring sinners seldom escape some exemplary punishment. If indeed the infliction of judgment is delayed for a season, the hand of vengeance falls with a weight proportionable to the delay. Let the following example be remembered and improved*.

J—— W——, a middle aged labourer, at a town in Hertfordshire, was addicted to drunkenness. In hay-time, 1795, he fell from a hay stack, and received considerable injury; but recovering the malady, he forgot the warning, and returned to his former practices. At the same season of the year, 1796, he assisted in building a hay stack; and being, through intoxication, judged unfit by his fellow servants to remain in so dangerous a situation, was advised to go down, lest he should fall and break his

* For this article we have the most unquestionable authority.

neck. He replied, *If I do, I shall go to the second parlour in hell, and sup with the devil to-night.*— Scarcely had he uttered these awful words, when he fell headlong, broke his neck, and expired in a few minutes.—Let all persons beware of sinful imprecations, lest God should suffer them to be realized, and render them as much the subjects of self-reproach as of his own most righteous displeasure.

ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

'So teach us to number our days!'—What is the total amount of human life? What is the sum of this accompt of days of nothingness and days of reality; of days of prosperity and days of affliction; of days of languor and days of delight; of days devoted to the world and days devoted to religion? My brethren, it is *God*, it is God *alone*, who holds 'our times in his hand:' he alone can make an accurate calculation of them. It is not impossible, however, to ascertain what shall be, in respect of time, the temporal destination of those that hear me this day. Let me suppose that the present solemnity has drawn together an assembly of 1800 persons. I divide them into six classes.

I.	From 10 to 20 years old	530
II.	. . . 20 to 30	440
III.	. . . 30 to 40	345
IV.	. . . 40 to 50	255
V.	. . . 50 to 60	160
VI.	. . . 60 and upward .	70
		1800

According to the most exact calculation, 60 of my present hearers must, before the beginning of another year, be numbered with the dead.

In 10 years, of these 1800 will remain	1270
In 20	830
In 30	480
In 40	230
In 50	only 70

Thus, you see, my brethren, in what a perpetual flux the human race is. The world is a vast theatre, of which every one appears his moment upon the stage, and in a moment disappears. Every successive instant presents different scenery, a new decoration. I represent these vicissitudes to myself under the emblem of what is felt by a man, who is employed in turning over the pages of history. He pores over his book, he beholds on this leaf one people, one king: he turns it, and lo, other laws, other maxims, other actors, which have no relation to what preceded. SAURIN.

APOLOGUE.

HAVING in my youth notions of severe piety (says a celebrated Persian writer) I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, wholly engaged in these exercises, my father (a man of practical virtue) awoke while I was reading. 'Behold (said I to him) thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God.'—'Son of my soul (he answered) it is better to sleep, than wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.' SADI.

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

[No. II.]

A REFLECTION ON ISA. ii. 4.

——— "*Neither ſhall they learn war any more.*"

Beware! Beware! those ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid, indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head,
And, o'er our labours, Liberty and Law
Impartial watch; the wonder of a world!

THOMSON'S SPRING.

STILL shall we hear each rising morn,
The shrilly trumpet's solemn strains
Drive peaceful pleasures from the plains?
See SLAUGHTER, all in bloody robes array'd,
View with exulting eyes the devastation made,
And neighbouring states in wild convulsions torn!
On shrieking innocence, and palsied age
She, unrelenting, spends her rage,
And rolls her haggard eye-balls round;
And proudly wishes to extend her ire
To Earth's remotest bound:
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry land,
She lifts her foul determin'd hand,
And scatters round th' exterminating fire!

SCIENCE now droops beneath the vengeful rod:
RELIGION lifts her streaming eyes to God;
To that o'er-ruling Pow'r on high
Who mocks proud man's exulting schemes;
Who, when he thinks fruition nigh,
Dissolves his hopes like airy dreams.
Ah! when shall man learn savage war no more?
Ah! when shall Heav'n the Golden Age restore?
Soft PEACE serenely rule the earth,
And give the milder pleasures birth?

Ah! none but Him who form'd the mind,
The various passions of the soul,
Can curb the rage of human kind,
And such wild anarchy controul:
When the loud tempests roar,
And billows lash the frighted shore,
His mighty word can say—'Proud billows, cease—
'Here stop—and rest thy troubled waves in peace.'

Arous'd by din of distant arms,
My native country feels alarms,
Collects with sapient speed her warlike bands,
To guard the safety of her fertile lands;
From violating hands to save
What our forefathers nobly gave,
Illustrious heav'n-born Freedom! by whose smile
We breathe! we live! and bless our happy Isle!

Hail, gracious BEING! Britain's *surest* friend!
Behold our flowing tears descend!

Hasten the hour when nations round
Shall be in bands of concord bound,
With hands united, unsuspecting hearts,
Shall break their bows, and burn their poison'd darts:
When, all the furious passions laid to rest,
Sweet Peace shall reign, the mind's perpetual zest:
The murd'ring sword, deep dy'd in human gore,
With horrid gleam shall fright mankind no more;
Ne'er from its peaceful scabbard part,
Nor pierce, nor tear the human heart.
The Olive then shall bloom again,
The Vine nectarious clusters spread,
The waving Harvests bless the plain,
And smiling Peace shall cheer each fainting soul
with bread.

W. A. WILLIS, M. D.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, IN YORKSHIRE, IN THE YEAR 1796.

STAND and adore thy Maker's pow'r,
Whose winds and waves obey his will:
He bids the awful tempest roar,
His voice the wildest storm can still.

View, O my soul, with wonder view
The roaring billows round thee tost:
And bless his mercies, ever new,
Who shields thee on this dang'rous coast.

See in each restless foaming wave
An emblem of this wretched state:
Deep and insatiate as the grave,
Unstable in its love and hate.

Just so the graceless sinner's heart,
When strong temptations rage within,
And Satan acts the tempter's part,
Casts forth the mire and dirt of sin *.

With eager wings my soul would fly,
And, like yon birds †, for refuge hide,
From ev'ry threat'ning danger nigh,
In the Redeemer's wounded side.

Speak to my heart, dear Lord, and say,
"The rain is gone, the tempest's o'er;
"Come, my beloved, come away,
"Satan and sin shall reign no more!

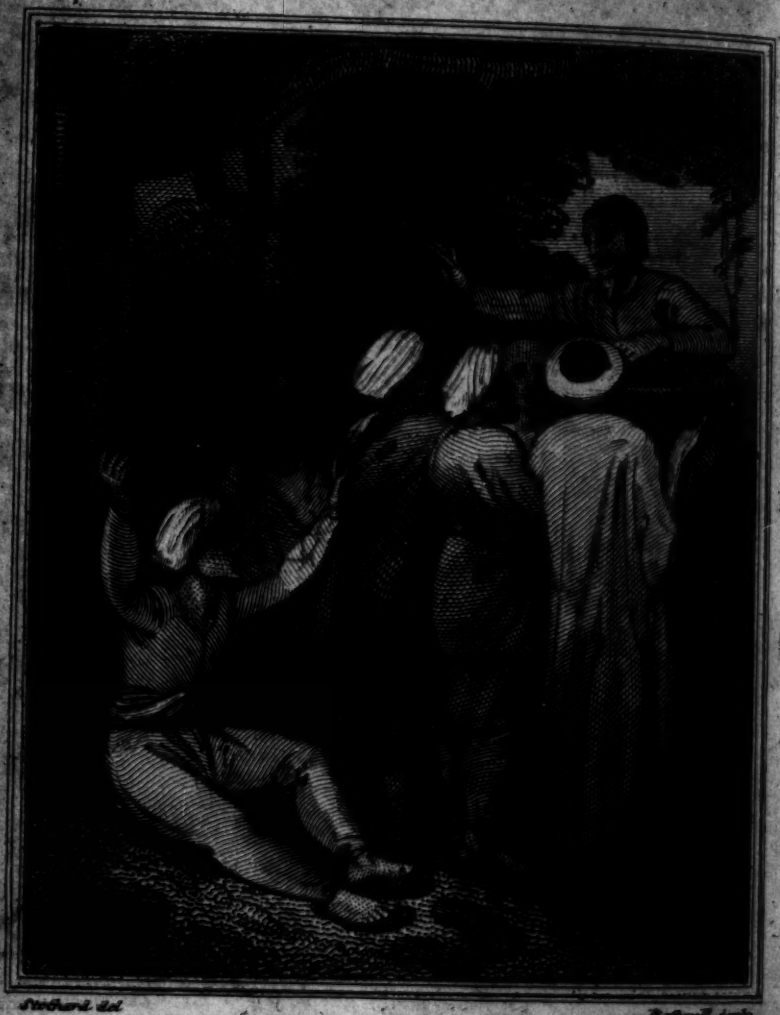
"Fear not, I'll guard thy helpless head,
"Whilst life and all its conflicts last;
"And when the raging winds are fled,
"Thy soul shall sing of dangers past."

PHILEMON.

* Isaiah lvii. 20.

† Alluding to the sea-gulls, thousands of which shelter and breed in the clefts of the rocks in this part of England.

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 AP 90



Stothard del. Bellamy sculp.

Conversion of an Hindoo Devotee by a Danish Missionary.

Published April 27 1797 by W. Button, Paternoster Row.

ATONEMENT.

AN ANECDOTE

Related by the Reverend Mr. SWARTZ, *a Danish Missionary, now in the East Indies.*

[Accompanied with an Engraving.]

"A Certain man, on the Malabar coast, had enquired of various devotees and priests, how he might make atonement for his sins; and at last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was directed to place his naked feet, and to walk, if I mistake not, 250 coss, that is about 480 miles. If through loss of blood, or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the Gospel was sometimes preached, one of the Missionaries came, and preached in his hearing from these words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ 'cleanseth us from all sin.' While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, 'This is what I want;' and he became a lively witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sins indeed."

Period. Accounts, &c. No. I.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[No. III.]

ON THE BEING AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THOMAS reading alone in the parlour, Mr. CHRISTIAN, and his daughters enter, and the following conversation ensues between the two former.

Mr. CHR. Well, Thomas, I am glad to see your leisure time employed upon a book, and I hope it is a good one.

THO. A favourite one with me, sir—CICERO, *de Naturâ Deorum.*

Mr. CHR. A useful book, Thomas, and abounding with fine thoughts. I remember reading it with much pleasure in my youth; but what part has particularly attracted your attention?

THO. His quotation from *Aristotle*, of a supposed subterraneous nation.

Mr. CHR. Read it to us, Thomas—or rather give us the substance of it in English, for my Latin days are over, and your sisters, you know, do not understand the original.

THO. I will endeavour to obey you, sir,—Thomas reads:—

'It is an excellent supposition of Aristotle, that 'if there were men who had always lived under 'ground, in splendid and magnificent apartments, '..... and that without ever making their ap- 'pearance on the surface of our globe, these men

'had, by fame or instruction, been informed that 'there was a Deity, and divine powers: then, that 'after some time, a chasm of the earth should open, 'and make way for them to leave their buried ha-'bitations, and ascend to the world which we in-'habit. When the earth, the sea, and the heavens, 'rushed upon their sight; when they observed the 'extent of the clouds, and felt the force of the 'winds, when they had cast their eyes on the sun, 'viewed its magnitude and splendour, and had been 'told of its great influence, and how, by diffusing 'light through the heavens, it causes day: When, 'on night's overshadowing the earth, they beheld 'the firmament bespangled with stars; when they 'had been made acquainted with the still varying 'phases of the moon—the rising and setting of these 'heavenly bodies, and their stated and unvaried 'revolutions: Certainly, on such a prospect, they 'would be convinced that there were gods, and 'that the great things they had seen were their 'works. Thus far Aristotle.'

Mr. CHR. What are *Cicero*'s reflections on this?

THO. He proceeds:—

'Let us now make another supposition, and ima-'gine such a darkness as prevailed once at an er-'ruption of mount Ætna, when, for the space of 'two days, the adjacent countries were so benight-'ed, that it was impossible for one man to distin-'guish another; so that on the third day, when the 'sun appeared with his usual splendour, they seemed 'risen, as it were, from the dead. But should it

'happen, that, after being enveloped in eternal 'darkness, the light suddenly broke out upon us 'with full glare, how amazing would the prospect 'of the heavens appear? The daily returns of the 'same objects to our view, render them familiar to 'us; nor are men inclined to admire or search into 'the causes of what they are always conversant 'with; as if the novelty, rather than the greatness 'and excellence of things, ought to excite us to in-'vestigate their causes.

'Does he merit the name of man, who, after 'having viewed the stated and invariable motions 'of the heavens, the regular arrangement and dis-'position of the stars, and the nice connection and 'harmony which reign throughout the universe, 'shall notwithstanding maintain, that all this is the 'effect of blind chance, and not the work of reason; 'though the wisdom by which they are conducted, 'far exceeds the power of the human understand-'ing to comprehend? When we see a sphere, a 'curious dial, or any other piece of machinery 'moving artificially, it is never questioned that 'they are the effects of design: and can we then 'contemplate that mighty power, whereby the hea-'vens perform their revolutions with such amazing 'velocity, whence arise the regular vicissitudes of 'the seasons, so admirably contrived for promoting 'the happiness and preservation of the whole sys-'tem; and yet doubt that the world is directed, 'I will not say simply by intelligence, but the most 'consummate and divine wisdom?'

Mr. CHR. Well, Thomas, what think you of Atheism now?

THO. I confess I am satisfied as to the existence of a Supreme Being, and that it is most unreasonable to deny it.

Mr. CHR. Then I hope your heart glows with gratitude, and your tongue longs to praise him.

THO. Alas, sir! What can I do? what would my praise be to him that sits above the heavens and looks down upon the stars? It would be as if the crawling maggots on a dung-heap were to look up at the sun, and say, 'O sun, thou art warm!'

Mr. CHR. True, my son—you have given a just idea of the highest praise of mortals: but suppose you had formed a generation of the most contemptible insects, if you endued them with power of intelligence to know that you was their author, and that the continuance of their being depended on you, would you not expect them to pay you some knowledgment?

THO. I cannot tell what to say to such impossible suppositions: but I think I should not care about them.

Mr. CHR. But suppose you did care for them daily, so as to provide them with proper food, and convenient habitations, and yet they not only neglected to praise you as they were able; but also disputed your existence, and denied their obligations to you?

THO. I might be provoked to crush them with

my foot: but I do not suppose the Supreme Being so interests himself in the trifling concerns of men. He is supremely happy in himself, without the existence of a creature; and made us, I conceive, not for his own sake, but to be partakers of his felicity. If we are virtuous and happy, it is well; if not, it can be no trouble to him.

Mr. CHR. Then you believe in a God without divine attributes.

THO. How so, sir?

Mr. CHR. Do you believe he is *infinitely wise?*

THO. Certainly; that he knows all things, not by study or reflection, but by a simple view of them, as we see the objects which surround us.

Mr. CHR. Do you admit of his *omnipotence?*

THO. Unquestionably. Nothing is impossible with him that is not impossible in itself.

Mr. CHR. Do you believe he is *infinitely good?*

THO. I plead for it: too good to make any of his creatures unhappy.

Mr. CHR. A truce to your objections.—You believe that God is infinitely wise, and knows all his creatures and all their concerns—you believe he is capable of doing every thing he pleases, not in itself impossible or absurd—you believe he is infinitely good, and made his creatures to be happy—and yet you think that he cares nothing about them, and never interferes in their behalf. How do you reconcile these things, Thomas?

THO. I deny not, sir, that God interferes in the government of the world; but I do not believe

he troubles himself with the puny affairs of individuals.

Mr. CHR. Do you not consider God as the father of his creatures?

THO. Certainly, sir: as the wisest, kindest, best of fathers.

Mr. CHR. Can a father then discharge his duty to his family, without caring for the individuals that compose it?

THO. No, sir: but I conceive the cases are not sufficiently parallel. There is, indeed, no comparison between the small concerns of a private family, and the infinitely varied interests of the whole creation.

Mr. CHR. Neither is there any just comparison between a human father, like myself, and the infinite Creator. He is as much above me, as the concerns of the universe exceed mine.—But suppose we consider him as the Supreme Governor of the World: a good king, you know, is the father of his people.

THO. True, sir: but a king, you know, does not stoop to the concerns of every individual subject; but governs them by common laws, and general equity: so God,

'———— the universal cause,
'Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws.'

Mr. CHR. I agree with your poet, taking the proposition generally, and with some exceptions: but the doctrine of a general Providence is very

different from that of no providence at all. It is one thing to say that God moves the machine of nature in an uniform manner, and quite another to suppose that he has abandoned it to itself.

THO. I do not pretend that, sir: I only think that the Almighty does not interfere in the common occurrences of the world, nor in the trifling concerns of individuals.

Mr. CHR. I am glad you agree with me so far, and I have no doubt of compelling you to go farther, when we can pursue the subject: but, as tea is ready, we will postpone it for the present, and give your sisters an opportunity of conversing with us on subjects less intricate, and more agreeable to hem.

LETTER TO A FRIEND,

ON

HIS RECOVERY FROM A BED OF SICKNESS.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE waited until the present moment, to congratulate you on your late recovery, partly because an earlier letter would have been somewhat premature; and partly, because I wished to accompany my congratulations with a word of advice suited to the occasion. I have now taken up the pen to answer both purposes; and while I sincerely rejoice with you, in your unexpected return to the world, I as sincerely pray God, that *that* return may be among the sanctified blessings of his pro-

vidence, and that the life, which is the gift of his mercy, may be spent to the glory of his grace.

I would fain persuade myself, that you have arisen from the bed of sickness with very different sentiments from what you possessed at your laying down. Near views of the grave, and the solemn prospects opened beyond it, which are taken in sick rooms, and dying chambers, have a happy tendency, when accompanied with the Divine teachings, to correct the natural levity of the mind, and to enforce the sober demands of religion. And could living men think but as dying men feel, the world would lose its most powerful persuasive in counteracting the interesting claims of *the one thing needful.* Mistake me not, dear sir, as if I meant to insinuate, that this observation attaches itself only to *you.* Believe me, it is the distinguishing feature of human nature, universally considered, and marks the genus and character of the whole family. Your discernment indeed, may, through the Divine aid, enable you to form, more distinctly, the outlines of your own resemblance to the original portrait.

I know not whether it hath ever struck you, and with a conviction equal to its infinite importance, that in all the multiform dispensations of human life, God is carrying on one grand design of bringing home his people to himself, in a way of redemption. So uniformly directed to this important purpose are all the chequered events in the history of mankind, as if nothing else occupied the divine regard. Nay, to such an excess of attention

appears the mercy of God in the accomplishment of this beneficent end, in the case of even the poorest, and most insignificant of the Lord's people, as if that individual alone became the sole object of the Redeemer's care. It would open a subject not only much surpassing the narrow limits of a letter, but enough to fill the largest volume of life, in the history of every man's experience (who would allow himself time and reflection to make the observation) to remark the numberless instances perpetually occurring, in proof of this unquestionable truth. The Great Author of this mysterious work (to use his own gracious expression) *stands at the door* of the heart *and knocks*. He calls in the loud voice of his holy word. He rings through all the chambers of the conscience in the changing providences of health and sickness, prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow. He may be truly said to go out to hire labourers into that service which is perfect freedom, from the earliest hour of the morning of our days, to the latest possible period in the evening of life, in order to make them wise unto salvation. And he not only calls upon the idle at the market-place by the *outward* ministry of his word and providences, but disposes the highly favoured objects of his compassion to accept the proffered mercy, by the *inward* drawings of his grace. Indeed, without this predisposition of the heart by divine favour, such is the wayward affection of the human mind, in its present maimed and fallen state, that all other means,

however persuasive, would prove ineffectual. But when the same grace which calls, disposes the heart to obey, then his people are made *a willing people in the day of his power.*

Now, dear sir, if these observations are founded on right premises (as I flatter myself they are) the inference resulting from them (I mean as it immediately concerns you) will not be far to seek. The *sickness* with which it hath pleased God in his providence to visit *you*, is evidently among the several means the Lord makes use of in the accomplishment of his gracious purpose, and, like an angel in disguise, comes with a divine commission. And should the Lord in mercy sanctify what, in mercy, he appoints; and by the inward illumination of his Holy Spirit, dispose your mind to the improvement the outward correction is intended to minister; this event, calamitous as it at first appeared, will form the happiest æra in your life, and be deservedly remembered in your most devout thanksgivings. We do well, no doubt, to thank God for all the blessings of his Almighty providence, in the health and fulness, and those numberless nameless mercies which we are continually receiving from his divine hands. But I am most awfully persuaded also, that the occasional visitations of sorrow, which the plan of his grace sees needful to mingle in our portion, as they are among the highest instances of his love, so ought they to be accepted as the strongest testimony of his favour, and never to be forgotten in our acknowledgments at a throne of

prayer. A state of uninterrupted health and prosperity is, of all others, the most dangerous to our everlasting welfare. It acts, for the most part, upon the mind, like the luxuriance of summer upon some fertile hedge, covering with its various foliage, and blossoms, and fruits, all the nests of noxious creatures lurking beneath; and it is only in the season of winter, when the whole is stripped and made bare, that the opportunity is favourably afforded to gather out whatever offends. In like manner, in the pruning dispensation of sickness, which may not be unaptly considered as a wintry season in life, similar may be the effect, induced through divine grace, in rooting out the poisonous lusts and affections which are hidden from our view in the fertility of health. But (to carry on the figure) should this highly favoured opportunity be neglected, and with the returning convalescence of spring, the mind, like a neglected hedge, not cleansed or made up; and neither the weeds of corruption rooted out, nor the spawn of venomous passion destroyed; what must be expected the summer's warmth will produce but to give life and vigour in a more abundant and prolific manner to every brood of evil, and that *the last state of that man's mind will be worse than the first.*

My poor, feeble, and unworthy prayers, shall follow this letter, that this may not, at least in your instance, be the case; but that the Lord in mercy may second the calls of his providence with his grace, and that you may *hear the rod, and who hath*

appointed it. For my own part, my dear sir, I shall be anxiously waiting the event, in watching from time to time to observe what effects your late sickness has induced on your mind. It is not perhaps very easy at present, either for yourself, or any friend, to ascertain rightly what the eventual consequence shall be. During the season of trial, the features both of a gracious and an ungracious mind, are sometimes too much alike for any but the eye of Omniscience to mark with precision each man's character; and though there are indeed very distinct qualities by which they are known, yet there are also dispositions common to both, which may prevent a just and unerring conclusion. Both may dislike sickness. Both may be in heaviness when it comes. Both may express impatience under it: and both pray for a speedy deliverance from it. So that to a superficial view of things, cases may, and certainly do frequently occur, where a by-stander shall be at a loss, from present appearances, to discriminate between *him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.* But the after-fruits (if I may so call them) which distinguish the character of a sanctified from an unsanctified affection, are liable to no misapprehension, but are obvious to the smallest discernment. Though God's children may dread sickness as well as men of the world, yet, like *Moses*, they would rather *choose affliction with his people than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.* Though they may be under heaviness through manifold pains and temptations when it comes, yet they see that

there is a need for it, and therefore sorrow not at others without hope. Though the time of suffering may seem long and tedious, and make them cry out, as *David* did, under its pressure—*Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and will he shut up his loving-kindness in displeasure?* yet, when the paroxysm of pain is abated, they can see and acknowledge like him, *it is their own infirmity*, and confess *that it is of the Lord's mercies they are not consumed.* And their prayers differ most essentially from the prayer of the hypocrite: for the hypocrite prays only when trouble is upon him; the prayer of the faithful is continued with greater earnestness afterward.

Now, dear sir, if by these, and the like standards of decision, you will estimate your own character, in reference more especially to your late sickness; I hope the Divine aid of God's Holy Spirit will enable you to form an opinion (in the event of which you are most highly interested) what is your real character before God, and what blessed effects his chastisement hath wrought in your mind. And suffer me to add, that in this serious and solemn enquiry is involved not only the grand and interesting prospects of a future world, but all the true and substantial happiness of the present. For if you are really arisen from the bed of sickness with suitable impressions of the real importance of life: if you are thoroughly convinced that your recovery is not a release, but only a short reprieve from the grave: that your life is lengthened not for the purposes of living a little longer, to move up and down,

and eat, and again be hungry, and drink, and again be thirsty, in this sick and dying world: but, like the weather-beaten mariner, ship-wrecked, and hanging only for a momentary space on some broken piece of the vessel, till the returning wave comes to wash him off into the ocean:—what shall I say?—*If God in his rich mercy, for his great love, wherewith he hath loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins, hath quickened* you *together in Christ*; and hath sent you back into the world for this blessed purpose, that you may seek pardon and peace with him through Jesus Christ our Lord: Should this happily be the case, I most cordially congratulate you on your recovery, and desire to bless and praise God for what he hath done for your soul. But if in your return to the world, your heart returns to the vanities of it, and a convalescence of the body induces no convalescence of the soul, alas! alas! even the very mercies of God are, by our abuse of them, converted into judgments.

I have given you, dear sir, the most convincing proof that I can give of my earnest wishes for your eternal welfare and happiness; and can only pray, that the great Author of all Grace may render these feeble wishes effectual to the purpose intended; that you may pursue *the things that make for your everlasting peace, before they are for ever hid from your eyes.*

I am, dear Sir,

CHARLES.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH

OF

CYRIL LUCAR,

PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS prelate was born in the island of Crete, and studied in Italy. He acquired the Greek, Latin, Italian, Turkish, Arabic, and Sclavonian languages: was equally eminent for piety as for learning: and was promoted first to be Patriarch of Alexandria, and afterwards of Constantinople. He had travelled through most parts of Europe, and had studied the doctrine, worship, and government of the Popish and Protestant churches; to the latter of which he had a strong attachment, and had planned the noble design of reforming the Greek church, and establishing it on nearly the same plan as those of England and Holland; to which he was desirous of uniting it: this rendered him extremely odious at Rome, and to the Jesuits, who, by their interest with the French Ambassador at Constantinople, raised a cruel persecution against him on political pretences; and, by the aid of perjury, procured him to be strangled and drowned as a traitor, at the venerable age of 72, in A. D. 1638. A very principal agent in this business was Cyril Berheus, who had purchased a grant of his place, but did not long enjoy it, before divine vengeance involved him in the like punishment. Several of Cyril's letters to the Dutch and English divines are still preserved; and the late Mr. Ro-

binson says, 'there is more of the spirit of Chris-'tianity in two of these, than in all the huge vo-'lumes published by his church, in former ages, on 'the Arian controversy *.' However this may be, they certainly do much honour to their author as a Christian and a prelate; and by one of them, addressed to Archbishop Abbot, it appears that he had some anticipation of his fate above twenty years before it happened; for he tells our English prelate "For the name of Christ which we pro-'fess, whose marks we bear about in our bodies,' [alluding, I suppose, to the sign of the cross, of which the Greek church is very fond] 'it is a joy to us to 'be afflicted and vexed; so also, if it be the will 'of God, to bear the utmost extremity of their 'cruelty, that in the fierce trial our faith may 'shine more bright, and God receive the greater 'glory!'

As to the principles of the Greek Christians, Dr. *Field* says †, 'they retain a saving profession of all divine verities, absolutely necessary to salvation; 'and are all members of the true Catholic church 'of Christ—besides witnessing against the autho-'rity and usurpation of the pope.—They acknow-'ledge all our own unrighteousness to be imperfect: 'and that it is not safe to trust thereunto; but to 'the mere mercy and goodness of God. They 'admit not the merit of congruence, condignity,

* Eccles. Research, p. 34.

† Of the Church, Book III. cap. 1.

'nor works of super-errogation. They also reject 'transubstantiation, and most of the Popish pecu-'liarities.'

Beside the Greek established church, there are several sects and parties, who formerly held strange erroneous opinions relative to the person of Christ, as the Jacobites, Nestorians, &c. but Mr. *Brerewood** has long since informed us, that 'they have 'disclaimed and abandoned their heretical phan-'tasies.' It is understood, however, that the Eastern Christians are strongly inclined to the Arminian system, to excess of ceremony, and to the lust of ecclesiastical domination: and are, in general, sunk into a state of indifference, as to the spirit and power of religion.

The Honourable *Robert Boyle* in the last century, and the excellent *Ludolff* in the present, with some others, exerted themselves to diffuse the scriptures, and other religious books, in the East, with what success is, perhaps, not now to be ascertained; but should the missionary spirit, of late so happily revived in this Christian world, continue to prevail, there seems an ample field open for exertion, and the greatest reason to hope for success and usefulness in many parts of the east, when, perhaps, the books formerly dispersed there may come to light, and prove highly serviceable to an evangelical mission.

* Enquiry, &c. p. 183.

THE MAGNET SPIRITUALIZED.

TO improve the phenomena of nature, by applying them to spiritual objects, is an eminent branch of divine wisdom: such illustrations must, however, be governed by approved facts, and regulated by sound reason. Thus conducted, our researches into the wonderful works of God in creation, will lead us to consider and admire the more stupendous operations of his grace.

In surveying the wonders of nature, our attention is arrested by the astonishing properties of the MAGNET. To many persons they are familiar; but the more intimately we are acquainted with them, the more will our curiosity and admiration be excited. Magnets are of two kinds, *natural* and *artificial*. The *Natural* ones admit into their composition several substances beside iron. They are very hard; and are found more or less in every iron mine, though greatly diversified, both in shape and size. Those magnets which have the finest grain possess the magnetic virtue in the highest perfection, and retain it longer than the other. They are chiefly characterized by these properties: the power of *attraction—polarity—dipping*, or inclining to the earth—and the communication of their virtues to other bodies.

With what singular propriety may most of these particulars be applied to JESUS CHRIST? In the constitution of his person, *God-man*, we behold the union of the divine with the human nature. The

latter similar to that of men in general, (excepting the influence of sin) of an earthly original, and *encompassed with infirmities*. [Heb. v. 2.] The relation, however, into which it was brought with the divine nature, both dignified and exalted it: at once impressing celestial glory, and imparting universal ability for all his offices.

The magnet possesses an *attractive* power. The Redeemer, himself, said, in the prospect of his sufferings, *I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will* DRAW *all men unto me.* (John vi.) To a mind enlightened by truth, and inflamed with zeal, what attraction is felt in his love, grace, and power! with what irresistible force are such persons drawn to, and united with him!—It is asserted, that most substances may be rendered magnetic in some degree, by being exposed to the action of fire. Naturally, men are unconscious of the excellency of Christ, and insensible of their need of him, till wrought upon by the influence of the Spirit, whose operations are compared to fire. (1 Thess. v. 19.)—Iron is attracted with different degrees of force. There is a variety in the work of Christ amongst his people, by which the sovereignty of his grace, as well as the certainty of his power, is expressed and asserted. This ought not to be a cause of discouragement, but a motive to importunity and perseverance. Though weaker degrees of grace may be attended with less consolation, any portion of this heavenly gift is an assurance of God's special favour.—Soft iron is most subject to a favourable at-

traction. Steel, especially when hardened, is, consequently, less liable to this influence. The heart of man, naturally obdurate, must be mollified before the distinguishing glories of Christ are clearly discerned.—The power of magnets are not, at all times, equally active. There are seasons in which the glories of Christ are veiled, and hid from our sight; and, though in himself immutable, such is our inconstancy, as at one time to be sensibly affected with the inclinations of his love, and at another, to be altogether unimpressed by the most gracious declarations of his mercy.—There is in magnets a natural power of repulsion, as well as attraction. In Christ there is, at all times, a readiness to receive penitent sinners: but to those who approach him with supposed merit, or refusing submission to his righteousness and authority, he will certainly say, *depart*.—This power of repulsion is, however, supposed to be much weaker than the influence of attraction. Christ, as the Universal Judge, will one day pronounce the sentence of condemnation upon the finally impenitent; but his great delight is in mercy, and in extending the sceptre of his grace to perishing sinners. He is *slow to anger*, but *swift to deliver*.

The second distinguishing property in the magnet is, its *polarity*. If a magnet is left at perfect liberty, it will dispose itself with one extremity towards the north, and the other towards the south; the two extremities which correspond to the poles of the earth, are called poles of the magnet, and possess the magnetic virtue in the greatest force.

—There are certain points to which the whole works of Christ is principally directed. It is designed to satisfy the justice, and exercise the mercy of God. To these attributes of Jehovah, we are invariably led, when seeking salvation under the influence of divine teaching. The polarity of the magnet is the basis on which the Mariner's Compass was constructed. The world is an ocean—life is a voyage—Christ must be the pilot in our passage from the city of destruction to the harbour of rest. And his regard to justice and mercy, both in his life, death, and intercession, are the constructive principles of the spiritual compass.

But magnets, while they attract other bodies, are themselves attracted by the earth. A magnetic needle, when placed so as to act according to its native impulse, inclines one of its poles a little to the earth, while the other is proportionably elevated. This is called the *dipping* of the needle. The only attraction which the Redeemer was susceptible of from the earth, was the misery of man by the fall, and this wrought upon his infinite compassion. Impelled by this, he visited the world; conversed with men, and suffered for them: but in the lowest scenes of his humiliation, he maintained his dignity, and proportionable to the depth of his sufferings is the height of his glory.

The magnet can *impart its virtues* to other bodies. Thus Jesus Christ renders his people, by virtue of their union with him, like himself. Despised and reproached as they are in the world, they are, nevertheless, secretly venerated, and often resorted

to.—Artificial magnets are capable of communicating virtue to other bodies, and that to without any diminution of their own power. Aided by divine grace, every Christian may be useful in the world, and in the church, and become instrumental of bringing others to Christ, without suffering the least injury themselves.—A weaker magnet may be rendered more powerful by the application of a stronger. Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.—Several magnets united together, will impart a power equal to their united force. I would hence infer the great advantage of church relation and fellowship. If Christians, individually, may be serviceable in the world, much more a number of them associated in prayer, and church communion.—If a piece of wire, which has been rendered magnetic, is twisted, its virtue will be strangely interrupted and confused; in some parts it will attract, in others it will repel. We may often observe strange inconsistencies in real Christians, when by sinful conformity they are perverted from the simplicity of the Gospel.—One of the most singular properties of the magnet, is, the increase of power which may be added to it, by gradually increasing the weight it sustains. On the other hand it will, by disuse, gradually lose much of its natural strength. The church and cause of Christ have never suffered any real injury by persecution or opposition, but, on the contrary, has encreased, and shall one day become universal; but neglect and omission are very detrimental to our religion, and will by continuance debilitate and enervate us.

In contemplating this subject, many circumstances occur so mysterious, as to be altogether inexplicable to the most sagacious philosophers. Nor is the work of grace less hidden to the wondering world. It is in an imperfect measure, only known to those who experience it; while those who are unacquainted with it, are left to wonder, despise, and perish. But in that day when nature ſhall be fully and finally displayed in its secret operations, will the Kingdom of Grace be clearly disclosed; its hidden springs and motives revealed, its eternal purposes fulfilled, and its perfection consummated.

S.

REFLECTIONS ON JUDGMENT.

A SEQUEL TO REFLECTIONS ON DEATH, p. 15. No I.

AFTER death comes judgment; and if the difference between the righteous and the ungodly be so great before, what will it then be?—Let us stretch the wings of our imagination and follow their spirits to the other world. The eyes of the believer, closed in death, are immediately opened to the glories of immortality. Now commissioned angels (who perhaps had frequently attended him through this vale of tears) wait to bear him to his Father's throne. *The judgment is set*, and *the books are opened*; here indeed in the *book of God's remembrance* all his sins were written in the blackest characters: but (as Bp. BEVERIDGE beautifully observes) 'they are all crossed out with the *red lines* 'of the Saviour's blood,' and therefore have no

force against him.—*The book of life* is now unfolded, and his name being written there, he is announced an elect soul, and a pardoned sinner.—A throne is prepared for him near his Redeemer's, and a crown provided, that he may join the worship of the redeemed, and cast it (as they do theirs) at the foot-stool of the Lamb.

But O! the unhappy wretch, who died without experiencing the efficacy of atoning blood, with what reluctance does he approach his frowning Judge! Behold, the charge is read, and his own conscience pleading guilty, he feels the thunder of that dreadful word, 'Depart, ye cursed!'

Judgment introduces eternity, and here in a moment we are lost!—only this we know, 'the wicked 'shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' Whilst the righteous shall reign eternally with CHRIST, in joy, in light, in life, and blessedness.

But are these things so? are we hastening to an eternal world? and must these temporary elements be dissolved? Then "what manner of persons 'ought we to be, in all manner of holy conversation 'and godliness?"

And is the time at hand?—Let it be our concern then to improve the fleeting moments, by giving 'all diligence to make our calling and election sure.' Let us study to ornament our profession, and honour our divine MASTER; let us take heed, that we are found waking and not sleeping; for—"Behold the JUDGE standeth before the door."

Difficulties, disappointments, and distresses of various kinds, are the common portion of God's people in this vale of tears: but it matters little; for however disagreeable the passage be, we know it will be both short and safe.—The temptations of Satan are often grievous, and the hidings of God's face very afflictive: but nothing so much troubles some believers as the fear of death, and its solemn consequences.—A pious lady, in her dying moments, under such apprehensions, cried out repeatedly, 'O the Judge! the Judge! the Judge!' A minister then present answered, 'Madam, that Judge is your friend.' Faith took the hint, and she replied with sudden transport, "Ah, well he is! well 'he is!' and so gave up the ghost.—Yes! and if we believe in Jesus, the Judge is also *our* friend—our advocate—our atonement: and we may even in the face of death, and in the anticipated prospect of eternity, look up to heaven and say with holy confidence,

——————'O Power supreme!
'O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
'To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
'Melt all ye elements! And thou, high Heaven,
'Shrink, like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
'Think on the best and noblest of thy works;
'Think on thine own bright image; think on him
'Who dy'd to save us from thy righteous wrath,
'And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man.'

GLYN.

REFLECTOR.

ORIGINAL LETTER,

Written by the late aged and venerable ISAAC HANN, at the age of 94, when he was no longer able to attend the Association Meeting of his Brethren, and but a little before his death.

To the Elders and Messengers of the several Baptist Churches of Jesus Christ, (agreeing in the Confession of Faith put forth by the Elders and Brethren of several Congregations of our denomination met in the City of London, 1689,) appointed to meet in Association at Yoevil, in the County of Somerset, on the Tuesday and Wednesday in the Whitsun Week, 1774.

ISAAC HANN, an unworthy Servant of Jesus Christ, sendeth greeting.

BELOVED BRETHREN,

AS you are Messengers of Churches of Jesus Christ, and meet together for purposes approved of God, in which you have Christian Fellowship to your mutual comfort and refreshment of your souls; you need not doubt, but God will be according to his word and promise—that is, he will come to you, hear your prayers and bless your endeavours, and grant unto you his soul-comforting presence, as in times past he hath been wont to do.

What a privilege it is, and how amazing the condescension, that we can have to do with a God hearing prayer, who never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain; and that he should grant unto

his, that they may be able to say, 'And truly our 'Fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus 'Christ.' A better enjoyment in *kind* we cannot have, but a fuller *degree* of it we may hope for in a state of immortality, when every vessel will have as much poured into it as it shall be able to hold; for in that state (if we may use a figure) there will be pressing down and running over, and how it will then be we must wait to know. What can be more express than we read, 'In thy presence is 'fulness of joy, at thy right-hand are pleasures for 'evermore.' And it will not be long ere thus it shall be. 'Yet a little while, and he that shall come, 'will come, and will not tarry; and when the chief 'Shepherd shall appear, all you under shepherds shall 'receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not away.' I hope, therefore, Brethren, you will labour to approve yourselves unto God, as faithful stewards of his manifold grace. We know the work to which we Ministers are called, let us therefore study to shew ourselves workmen that need not be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth—that is, you know to give every one their portion out of it in due season. How much to be lamented is the case, that there is so much preaching like the iron and clay in the feet and toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image! and what a happiness is it for people to have the Gospel in its purity, the doctrines of Grace well distinguished and aptly applied; the Lord help you to use care and diligence herein!

The Scheme which some call *rational* or conditional salvation, (or co-partnership with Christ,) is

an hellish contrivance all over, and no doubt but the devil finds his account herein: himself, I believe, is sound in the faith, as to knowledge and understanding; he hath an orthodox head, but a bad heart. He knows the truth, but loves it not; he holds the truth in unrighteousness. He is no atheist, that he cannot be; nor deist, though he would make us such if he could. He is neither Socinian, Arian, nor Pelagian; if he be any thing, he is a practical Antinomian, for he likes not the law of God for a rule of life. I hope, Brethren, we are established in the doctrine of God's everlasting purposes and decrees, and believe it to be the foundation on which God himself raiseth his own superstructure. But this doctrine is neither the rule of our life, nor the ground of our hope; but the precept, and the promise. No decree of heaven shall save a man that is ungodly, so living and dying; no decree of heaven will damn the man that has the truth of grace in his heart, and the fear of God in his life and before his eyes. Many are led aside by Satan's cunning to build for salvation on false rocks. But in matters of salvation Christ will be an *Alexander* or a *Nemo*, as one expresseth it. He hath many companions, but no competitor; and he shall have *all* the glory. How many soever may be led aside to believe the devil's lies, we are assured it is not possible he should finally deceive God's elect: but still there is occasion given to muster up our forces for the defence of truth when openly attacked. We cannot be too zealous for the

fundamental doctrines of the Christian Religion. Truth must not be parted with nor departed from on any consideration whatever—'Buy the truth 'and sell it not.' And notwithstanding we are to exercise charity, and make allowances for differences in circumstantial religion, yet we must abate nothing of what is substantial. If our Lord be taken away, we must know where they have laid him; and if they deny the doctrine of Divine Satisfaction, how came it to pass that the just suffered for the unjust, was raised up from the dead, and received into glory? And who that loves the Lord Jesus Christ, but would spend his blood in such a quarrel? If peace among professors of religion cannot be maintained, but at the expence of substantial truth, then let peace go; peace must give place to truth, but truth gives place to nothing. And it is better that heaven and earth were blended together in confusion, than that one fundamental Gospel truth should perish. I hope my Brethren in the Ministry will be faithful and diligent in the vindication and propagation of truth and holiness; holding faith and a good conscience. Faith and a good conscience are worth our holding fast, cost what they will. But they that hold them fast must expect opposition from the devil, and the Socinians, and the Pelagians; but that will be their glory. Perhaps the two latter will account them enthusiasts, being out of their rational scheme, and will look upon them with a squint-eye, as setters forth of strange things. You know that when Paul preached at Ephesus, the city was in an uproar, and

the shrine-makers for Diana cried out, 'Our craft 'is in danger, for by this means we get our wealth; 'and not only so, but the temple of the great god-'dess Diana will be despised.' The Arians' inferior deity, and the Pelagians' dependant God, will be set at nought. And how then? Why then away with such fellows from the earth, for it is not fit such should live. But, Brethren, Paul's God is your God, and he will be with you: fear none of those things which you may suffer; but be you faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown of life. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. And after the foundation is well laid, equal regard must be had to the superstructure. What are doctrines without practice? Truth and holiness must unite in the constitution of the religion which God approves. There may be notions in the head and prate in the tongue, but without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I am glad to hear that the Lord hath been pleased to open the womb of conversion in some places to the bringing home of such as went astray in the first Adam, and when he will work, who shall let it? It is pride, and nothing else, in such as labour for words, and seek only to adorn their discourses with flourishes of rhetoric and oratory to captivate such as have itching ears. The plain simplicity of the Gospel is better than enticing words of man's wisdom. We use great plainness of speech, and it is God's usual method to bless means that shall prevent glorying in man, and in his time and way

he will accomplish all that he hath purposed concerning his church; and the top stone of his spiritual building shall be brought forth with shouting, crying, 'Grace, grace unto it.' Then preaching work will be at an end, no more digging for stones out of the quarry, nor hewing of timber in Lebanon; and when the Lord shall have built up Zion he will appear in his glory, and for this we are to pray "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And now, Brethren, what can you think of me, but that I have taken upon me to preach to you, which I would not be thought to do. Suffer me, therefore, to make this short apology for myself, (viz.) I have been so much used to a spin-text pen, that I know not how to contract, and a skim-text pen I like not; a *Multum in Parvo* would be best, but such I have not. If you will be so good, for this once, to overlook my weakness, you will never have a letter of my pen more. I hope the Lord will direct you in all you meet about, and bless your pious endeavours; begging a share in your prayers to God for me, that I may have a safe and comfortable passage over Jordan into the land that floweth with milk and honey; who am, I trust, through the rich grace and mercy of God, though the most unworthy,

Your Brother in our Dear Jesus.

ISAAC HANN.

May 18*th*, 1774.

THE

SPIRITUAL BEE.

[No. III.]

THE BUTLER FORGAT JOSEPH.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, the noble BUTLER, Duke of Ormond, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and in sailing with his attendants from Chester to Dublin, was overtaken by a violent storm, which drove them on the rocks of Anglesea, where they were wrecked. His Grace, and part of his companions, with difficulty saved their lives, by swimming to the land.

The part of the island where they came on shore was cold, barren, and uncultivated; and the first house they arrived at was the humble cottage of a poor curate, who, together with his wife, kindled up a generous fire, dried the garments of their weather-beaten guests, set before them the best fare their house afforded, and lodged them as they were able, till the storm was over.

Ormond was much affected with the kind reception he had met with, and he enquired out the name of his host, which was *Joseph R*——. He asked some questions respecting his circumstances; and on his departure promised to *remember* him: his secretary at the same time gave the curate directions where he might find his guests, if ever he should come to Dublin.

The curate waited long to hear from the Duke, but in vain. At length, rouzed by his wife, he resolved to push his fortune; and having equipped himself as decently as he could, set off for the Irish metropolis.

Though obscurely stationed, he was known to the dean as a man of no contemptible abilities, and of course was introduced to preach at the cathedral where the Duke attended, with many other persons of distinction.

He had prepared a sermon to his purpose, and this was his text: Gen. xl. 23. *Yet did not the Chief* BUTLER *remember* JOSEPH, *but forgat him.* He discoursed, as his text naturally led him, upon the sin of ingratitude, which he painted in lively colours, especially the ingratitude of the great and affluent, in forgetting the friendly offices they might, one time or other, have received from persons in humble life.

He observed, however, that this negligence might arise not so much from innate depravity of heart, as from particular causes: from deep engagement in business; from the amusements and dissipations of high life; perhaps from the many solicitations of mercenary sycophants, ever pressing to be heard.

He came to his application, and asked his honourable audience, whether some *among them* had not, in the vicissitude of human affairs, received important offices of friendship from people in far humbler circumstances, but blest with generous hearts; and whether they had, in no instance, for-

gotten such kindness, instead of rewarding it ten fold.

He brought up the case of shipwreck, where the affluent have often become dependent on the poor, and led his hearers each to put the question to himself, 'Was I ever in my life exposed to the rage 'of the merciless elements, where all nature seemed 'to conspire my destruction? Did I ever see my 'companions buried in the devouring deep, and 'myself brought safe to land with a surviving few? 'And did any poor, but contented man, with his 'kind-hearted wife, receive me with my shipwrecked 'associates, and warm and comfort us to the utmost 'of their power; wishing to have done much 'more, and never suffering us to depart, till serene 'skies and genial sunshine prepared our way? And 'have I suffered such benevolence to go unnoticed 'and unrewarded, and my benefactors to remain, 'perhaps to languish, under the pressure of friend-'less poverty?'

Ormond was all attention, and his heart smote him, when, on a closer examination of the features and countenance of the preacher, he recognized his generous landlord of Anglesea.—Turning to his secretary, 'Is not this our honest friend JOSEPH?' said the Duke. 'I believe it is,' replied the secretary. Upon this, orders were instantly given to invite him to dinner.

When he came into the Duke's presence, he frankly confessed to him (though not without a modest blush or two) that he thought he had one

opportunity in his life, to put him in mind of his promise, and had embraced it. 'You are a deserving, honest man,' replied his Grace, and ordered an immediate enquiry into the vacancies of the church. A living of £.300 a year was found vacant; and to this his Lordship at once advanced him.

But how short lived is human power! And how sudden are, many times, the turns of Providence! At the accession of George I. Ormond was divested of all his honours; fled from a capital impeachment, and his whole fortune was seized by the crown.

His old friend JOSEPH now remembered him. This grateful man, hearing of the duke's misfortune, settled upon him, with the free consent of his wife, £.200 a year, out of the three which the Duke, in his better days, had given them.

Surprised at this liberality, his Grace wrote a particular detail of it to a nobleman at court, who, though a zealous partizan of another faction, maintained with him an inviolable friendship.

By his interest JOSEPH was promoted to a living of £.500 a year; and would now have rejoiced to make a generous addition to the Duke's support: but Ormond, in the mean time, had retired to that country

'From whose bourne no traveller returns!'

and JOSEPH could relieve no more the misfortunes of his noble patron.

DEATH OF HANDEL.

We are always interested in the deaths of great men; and it is a peculiar pleasure to hear that those whom we are used to admire for extraordinary genius and ability, are made the subjects of divine grace.—The admirers of sacred music will always revere HANDEL, and many will be happy to learn that there was hope in his end.

Handel was educated in Lutheran principles, which he never renounced, though it must be confessed he did them no great honour in the former part of his life. He was haughty, passionate, and profane; and as he spoke a mixture of several tongues, when he used to 'let out the great bear,' (as Dr. *Burney* phrases it) he would swear in four or five languages.

'The loss of his sight, and the prospect of his 'approaching dissolution, wrought a great change in 'his temper and general behaviour.' Sir *J. Hawkins*, who mentions this, adds, that 'in conversation he 'would frequently declare the pleasure he felt in 'setting the Scriptures to music; and how much 'the contemplating the many sublime passages in 'the Psalms contributed to his edification. And 'now that he found himself near his end, these 'sentiments were improved into solid and rational 'piety, attended with a calm and even temper of 'mind.' So far the above historian. Dr. *Burney* (in his account of the commemoration) adds, 'that 'Dr. *Warren*, who attended HANDEL in his last 'sickness, remembers . . . that he was sensible of

'his approaching dissolution; and having been 'always impressed with a profound reverence for 'the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, 'that he most seriously and devoutly wished, for 'several days before his death, that he might breathe 'his last upon Good Friday,' "in hope (he said) "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and "Saviour, on the day of his resurrection," meaning 'the Easter Sunday following.'—The former part of this desire appears, by the testimony of his physician, to have been accomplished, and we hope the latter; though we regret that at this distance of time we can procure no more satisfactory account of his last hours.

The last oratorio at which he attended and performed was *the Messiah*, on April 6th, 1758, and he died late at night, on the 13th.—The following lines were written on the occasion, and, as we are not certain they were ever printed, we think them worth preserving.

T' anticipate on earth the joys of heav'n,
Was HANDEL's task:—to him the pow'r was giv'n.
Ah! when he late attun'd MESSIAH's praise
(Angels might listen and approve his lays:)
A last farewel his languid looks express'd,
And thus, methinks, th' enraptur'd crowd address'd:
'Farewel, my friends, a long farewel to you:
'And thou, terrestrial harmony, adieu!
'A whisp'ring angel prompts me to retire;
'Bids me prepare to meet th' immortal choir.
'O for the glorious change!' great HANDEL cry'd:
MESSIAH heard his voice—and HANDEL dy'd.

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.

THE celebrated FENELON has observed, (in his Dialogues on Eloquence,) that JESUS CHRIST constantly speaks of the greatest subjects with the utmost simplicity and coolness; because, though sublime in themselves, they were not so to him.—Strangers may admire the palaces of princes; but the children who reside in them being perfectly familiar to their beauties, survey them with indifference. So Jesus Christ speaks of heaven and glory. 'In my Father's 'house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place 'for you—Ye shall eat and drink with me in my 'kingdom,' &c.

As nothing illustrates more than contrast, the following idea of a heathen heaven, may serve to throw some glory upon the above. It is taken from a celebrated piece of ancient Runic poetry—The dying Ode of *Lodbrag*.

'This makes me always rejoice, that in the halls 'of our father Balder [or Odin] I know there are 'seats prepared, where, in a short time, we shall 'be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our 'enemies.'

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

NICODEMUS, one of the Indian assistants of the United Brethren at Guadenhuetten, Pensylvania, was remarkable for a talent of spiritualizing natural and common objects. Once observing a water mill, he said to one of the missionaries, 'Brother, I discover 'something that rejoices my heart. I have seen the 'great wheel and many little ones; every one was

'in motion and seemed all alive, but suddenly all 'stopt, and the mill was as dead. I then thought, 'surely all depends upon one wheel, if the water 'runs upon that, every thing else is alive; but when 'that ceases to flow, all appears dead: Just so it is 'with my heart—it is dead as the wheel; but as 'soon as Jesus' blood flows upon it, it gets life and 'sets every thing in motion, and the whole man 'being governed by it, there is life throughout. 'But when the heart is removed from the crucified 'Jesus, it dies gradually, and at length all life 'ceases.'

Another time he said, 'I crossed the Lecha to-'day in a boat, and being driven into the rapid 'current, was forced down the stream and nearly 'overset. I then thought, this is exactly the case 'of men who know not the Lord Jesus Christ—'they are irresistibly hurried away by sin, cannot 'help themselves, and are in danger of being eter-'nally lost; but as soon as our mighty Saviour takes 'the helm, we receive power to withstand the rapid 'stream of this world and sin.'

Once he compared his body to a canoe, and his heart to the rudder, adding, that 'the Holy Ghost 'was the master sitting at the rudder and directing 'the vessel.'—In his last illness he enjoyed so much of the divine presence, that he assured his friends the joy of the Lord had almost overpowered all sensations of pain; adding, 'I am poor and needy, 'and therefore amazed at the love of my Lord 'Jesus Christ, who is always with me.'

Moravian Mission in North Amer. 1748.

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

[No. III.]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

A FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

FALL'N man, JEHOVAH bids thee rise,
And lift to Him thy weeping eyes;
Tho' Tribulation's storms may come,
God is thy rest, thy stay, thy home!
Trust in his strength, he'll take thy part
When pain and sorrow wring thy heart;
When friends, relations, parents fail,
Troubles surround, and fears prevail.
This world has nothing worth thy care,
Its flattering hopes are empty air;
Behold thy toils, and count thy gains,
What poor reward for all thy pains?

Bend, stubborn knees—on Him rely;
He'll wipe all sorrow from thine eye:
Thy humble spirit he'll sustain,
Cheer thee through toils, and soften pain.
If He's thy *Pilot*, boldly steer,
Nor hidden rocks, nor billows fear;
Beat by the tempest, firmly stand,
Nor doubt to reach the Promis'd Land.

Canst thou His mighty pow'r distrust
Who form'd thy animated dust?—
Who can all Nature's pow'rs controul?—
Who taught the spheres their orbs to roll?—
Can Ocean's raging waves command
Within the hollow of his hand?—
On the Wind's wings sublimely fly?—
Scan whole Creation with his eye?
To Him what silly worms we seem,
The Sport of Folly's empty dream!
Or basking in life's summer day,
Flutter the passing hours away!

If God approve, if he be near,
Why shouldst thou faint? why shouldst thou fear?
Then guards, invisible, are spread
Around thy well-protected head:
Elijah-like, through God despise
All wily schemes, and angry eyes.
Elate with pride, man may assail,
Where God protects he can't prevail:
'Gainst human pride his thunders fly;
He laughs to scorn the haughty eye;
While lowly souls, who humbly go,
Tho' fire may rage, and waters flow,
May, unappall'd, defy the foe;
And, after all their troubles past,
Be more than conquerors at last.

W. A. WILLIS, M. D.

THY KINGDOM COME.

LOOK, mighty God, with piteous eye,
Down from thy pure and righteous throne,
On the whole race of men, who lie
Buried in miseries unknown.

Let thy benign pacific sway
Extend its influence thro' the world:
And ignorance, and tyranny,
Down to their native hell be hurl'd.

Then the best interests of mankind
Shall be well understood and taught;
Kindreds and men no more contend,
But live and love as brethren ought.

Justice and truth shall rise and shine,
While plenty crowns the rolling years;
And peace and purity divine,
Felicitate these lower spheres.

Hush the distracted globe to peace,
Almighty Lord! at thy command
Tumult and war for ever cease,
And love prevails thro' ev'ry land.

May the devouring sword be still,
And in eternal quiet rest!
But if unsheath'd it best fulfil
Thy purposes, 'tis wisest—best.

Men boast inglorious conquests gain'd,
And vainly shout of victors crown'd;
While wreaths with human blood are stain'd,
And slaughter'd millions strew the ground.

Grant, while thy judgments are abroad,
Mortals may learn they are but men;
Tremble beneath thy sovereign rod,
And own it was not rais'd in vain.

G. B.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD,

FROM A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BOLD Infidelity, turn pale and die!
Under this stone an infant's ashes lie;
Say, Is it lost or sav'd?
If death's by sin, it sinn'd, for it lies here:
If heav'n's by works, in heav'n it can't appear:
Ah, reason! how deprav'd!

Revere the Bible (sacred page!) the knot's unty'd,
It dy'd thro' Adam's sin—it lives, for Jesus dy'd.

BRITISH
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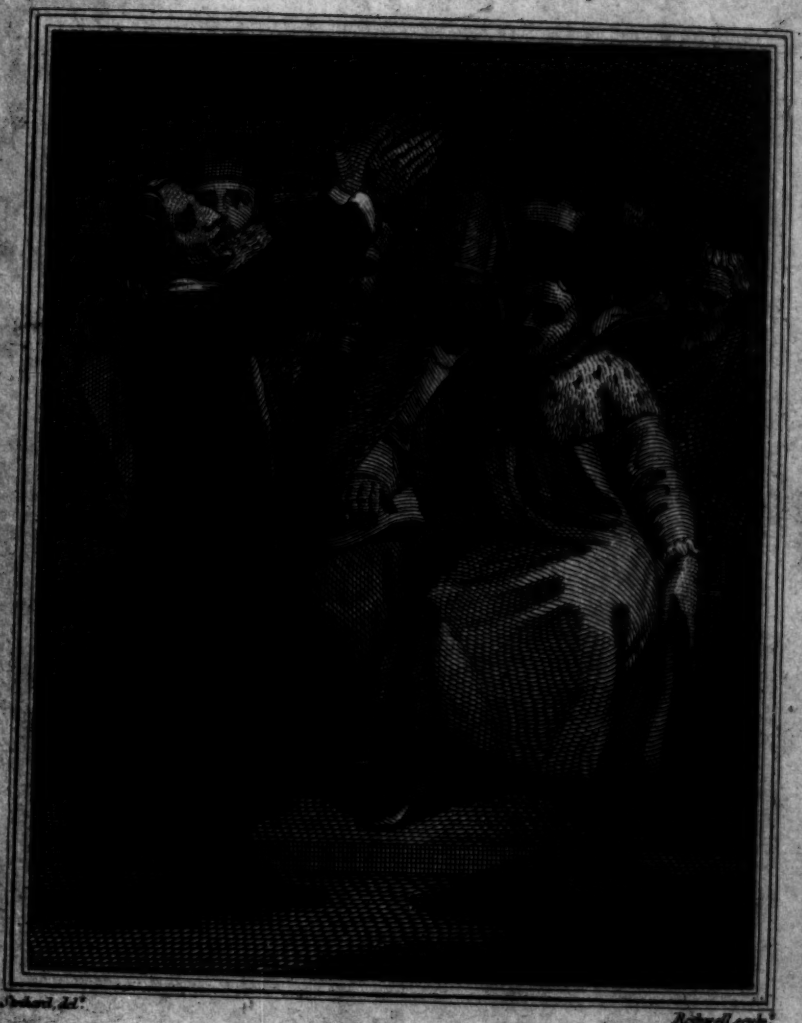
MUSEUM



Stothard del.t. Richardson sculp.t

LUTHER *before the Diet of* WORMS.

London. Published May 30th 1797 by W. Bunce Paternoster Row.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

[With an elegant Engraving.]

AT the diet of Worms, after some deliberations concerning the political affairs of the Empire, the state of religion was taken into consideration, and Luther was summoned to appear, and to give an account of his writings and opinions. He had, for that purpose, a safe-conduct transmitted to him by the Emperor's herald, who conducted him to Worms. Some of his friends, being apprehensive for his safety, advised him not to go to a place where, perhaps, like Huss, he would be burnt; but his undaunted spirit was superior to the fear and terrors of any danger, and he replied to his friends: "*I am lawfully called to that city, and thither will I go, and defend the truth in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as there are tiles upon the houses were there combined against me. The same Lord is still living who preserved the three men in the fiery oven.*" It was his firm resolution, rather to lose his life than to recant.

Many princes and noblemen, together with a vast number of admiring and curious spectators, left the town to meet him upon the road. His enemies were not pleased with his coming; for they could, from his known settled character, expect nothing but that victory would be on his side. Many of the Popish legates and ecclesiastics privately instigated the Emperor Charles V. to imitate the example of the council of Constance, and to

silence this incorrigible heretic with the flames of a pile, or with the hands of an executioner. But the Emperor answered: "*I will not blush with Sigismund, my predecessor*;" and he, as well as other members of the Diet, were averse to violate the public faith, and to stain the German name and history with another such ignominious action; by which, notwithstanding an Imperial safe-conduct, Huss, an hundred years before, had been burnt.

There was, perhaps, never a trial before a higher court and a more august assembly. It consisted of the Emperor and his brother Ferdinand, six electors, many princes, dukes, and states of the Empire, bishops, abbots, ambassadors, and officers. Luther appeared twice before this awful tribunal; the first time on the 17th of April, 1521, when, on account of the crowd of the people, the herald conducted him through private apartments to the Great Hall, where, to his great surprize and comfort, he heard a spectator repeat to him the words of our Saviour: "*Ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake: but when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what you shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.*" Matth. x. 18, 19. Luther was not over-awed by such a sight, but behaved with great calmness, decency, and firmness. Two questions were put to him to answer: the first, Whether he confessed these books which lay on the ground to be his writings? and the second, Whether he would recant or not? To the first he coolly and prudently replied, that he

could not acknowledge any book to be his own, unless they had specified the titles to him; and as to the second, he desired another day to consider of it. This being granted; at his second appearance he acknowledged the books to be his productions, and, at the same time, that in some of the controversial works he had been rather vehement and acrimonious; but refused to retract his opinions, unless he were convinced from the word of God that they were false. "*I cannot* (said he) *consent to be tried by any other rule than the word of God; for councils and popes have erred, and are not infallible. Unless I am bound and forced in my own mind by arguments which convey conviction, to retract, it is not safe to do it. Here I am—I cannot! I dare not! I will not! So help me God. Amen.*" This was the language of a man, who, standing upon Bible-ground, challenged all the world to refute him; like an unshaken rock in the midst of a roaring sea and a tremendous storm.

Neither the entreaties of his friends, nor the threats of his enemies, could prevail on him to depart from this resolution. When the Elector of Saxony consulted him, how matters could be settled to the satisfaction of both parties, he gave him the advice of Gamaliel. Curiosity, as well as high regard for the man who had stood the trial so well, and was the leader of a great party, was the cause of many visits, which personages of the highest rank paid him during his stay at Worms; and some noblemen declared, that he should not be burnt,

unless they would burn all his friends too. There was, however, a few days after his departure, a most severe and cruel edict of the Emperor published against him, by which not only himself was deprived of all the privileges which he enjoyed as a subject of the Empire, but all princes and persons were forbidden, under the penalty of high treason, loss of goods, and being put to the ban of the Empire, to receive or defend, maintain or protect Luther or his opinions. But his faithful and discerning patron, the Elector of Saxony, took a prudent precaution to screen Luther from the fury of the storm. For, while Luther, on his return from Worms, was passing near Altenstein in Thuringia, some noblemen, with their attendants, in masks, seized him, and carried him to Wartburg, a strong castle, near Eisenach, situate upon mountainous forests, and commanding a most beautiful prospect of the adjacent country. While the Emperor's edict was thundering throughout the Empire, Luther was safely shut up, for nine months, in this place; which he used to call his Patmos and Hermitage, and where he employed his time in publishing several treatises, and in translating the New Testament into the German language; which, shortly after, he printed, and whereby his followers were enabled to read and judge for themselves. People of all ranks read the translation with uncommon avidity, and were astonished to discover the great difference between the doctrine of Christ and that of his pretended vice-regent at Rome.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[No. IV.]

THE MICROSCOPE EXHIBITED—THE DOCTRINE OF PROVIDENCE ARGUED.

WE left Mr. CHRISTIAN, and his family, at the tea-table, where the conversation was suspended for the present, with a view of renewing it afterward: company, however, accidentally dropping in, Mr. CHRISTIAN deferred his purpose till another opportunity.

A few evenings after this, Mr. THOMAS entertained his sisters, and the younger branches of his brother's family, with some of the curiosities of his microscope. Old Mr. CHRISTIAN himself made one of the party, and introduced a Mr. FIELD, a simple, honest, and industrious farmer, and one of his tenants in the country: to whom he rightly judged the sight would be as novel and entertaining as to the young folks. THOMAS exerted himself with much affability, to please and inform the company. The first class of subjects he exhibited, contained a variety of leaves of vegetables; particularly the sage, the mint, the sweet briar, and the nettle. They were much charmed with the beautiful appearance of the first, which the children compared to gold and silver tissue: the little globules of perfume in the sweet plants, particularly delighted and astonished them; as did also the beautiful transparent spires of those which are prickly.

To mingle instruction with the entertainment, he explained to them the uses of these phænomena:—that the globules of the odoriferous plants, which are extremely delicate, breaking by the slightest pressure, emit the powerful odour which we obtain, by rubbing them between the fingers. He farther explained, that when the little prickles of the nettle pierce the pores of our skin, the globular vessels at the bases of these spires, discharge a poisonous liquid, which occasions the smart that follows.

The next class was unpromising, consisting only of some few pieces of mouldy bread, and rotten cheese; but they were agreeably surprized to find, that the blue and yellow mould of cheese is, in fact, an assemblage of verdant plants and yellow flowers. On the other hand, in some moist rotten cheese, he gave them a specimen of the innumerable mites bred therein, each now appearing to be a perfect insect.—And here again philosophizing, THOMAS remarked the wonderful revolutions of nature, constantly producing, even from rottenness and corruption, new worlds of vegetable and animal existence.

In the third class of subjects, Thomas exhibited the beautiful feathers of paroquets and goldfinches; shewing, that in the minutest feather, each ramification which appears but as a fine hair to the naked eye, is composed of innumerable other ramifications in the most wonderful exactness: so that a single feather is the assemblage of a thousand

feathers growing from the same stem.—A fine human hair was the next object shewn, and appeared evidently to be a transparent tube, perfectly round and hollow.—He now put in a small piece of sea-weed, appearing to the naked eye as if incrustated with stone; but the magnifying powers of the glasses discovered a multitude of marine shells, smaller than the heads of pins, and appearing upon the purple ground, exceeding beautiful and curious: resembling grotto work and foil.—The wing of a butterfly discovered itself to consist of innumerable feathers, of a variety of splendid colours; and the fine down which adheres to the fingers upon touching the wing of a moth, proved to be composed of perfect feathers, thereby separated from the wing.

Their attention was next attracted by the head, the eyes, and sting of a bee. The curious apparent net-work, which covers the eye of this creature, was shewn to consist of thousands of sexagonal chrystals, with pyramidal inverted bases, inserted in the bottom of the eye. The mechanism of the sting with its sheath, charmed them with its neatness and fine polish.

One of the young ladies wished to compare her needle with it; but how was she astonished to see it appear like a clumsy irregular bar of iron, with a blunt point, and full of inequalities!—This gave our young philosopher an opportunity of observing the difference between the works of nature and those of art; the former, upon the minutest inspection always appearing complete and finished;

while the finest polish of which art is capable, discovers innumerable blemishes and defects.

Mr. THOMAS closed his exhibition with shewing several small insects and curious animalcula. In a few drops of stale vinegar and pepper water, he discovered pools of eels, and other minute creatures, of the most curious form and texture: and in some of the insects whose bodies were transparent, he shewed a glimpse of the motions of the heart, and the circulation of the blood.—He then closed his entertainments with a modest reflection on the immensity of the universe, and the various systems of existence discovered by the modern improvements of the sciences. 'Who can tell (said he) which is the greatest and most important discovery; that of the telescope, which shews innumerable worlds and systems of worlds above us; or that of the microscope, which displays systems no less innumerable in the world below us? And who can tell but each of the telescopic worlds may be as full of varied existence, and intelligence, as this which we inhabit?

The whole company was charmed with the evening's entertainment; which, though it had lasted two or three hours, seemed not to have been one. The children were delighted beyond measure, as were the sisters of the philosopher:—the good old farmer seemed in a land of enchantment,—knew not whether to believe his eyes; and was struck absolutely dumb with wonder. And though these objects had not the charm of novelty to recommend them to

Mr. CHRISTIAN, he was highly pleased with the scientific manner in which they had been exhibited and explained; as well as with the philosophical observations superadded. But he thought it was now time to give another turn to the conversation —to 'rise through nature's works to nature's God;' —and, in fact, that this was a favourable opportunity to resume the subject of Divine Providence. After expressing, therefore, his high satisfaction with the conduct and observations of his son, he asked the following question:

Mr. CHRISTIAN. And now, THOMAS, do you think that all these innumerable creatures, and immense systems of creatures, which your glasses discover beyond the observation of a naked eye —do you think that all these are under the immediate government of God?

THOMAS. Sir, your question requires deliberation. I would not wish to give a rash reply, and, therefore, not a sudden one.

Mr. CHR. You are right: it does require some deliberation: for if you give it the negative, here are innumerable creatures, yea, worlds of creatures, exempted from the government of Deity. If you take the affirmative, then it appears the government of God extends to worms and butterflies, —yea, to millions of millions of animalcula, incalculable to human genius and industry—and, perhaps, incomprehensible to any eye but the Creator's.

THO. But may we not, sir, take a middle course, and suppose that, God having made them under some immutable laws for their preservation and increase, they exist and multiply in consequence; not beyond the limits of his government and authority, but without his immediate concern and interference?

Mr. CHR. Let us not deceive ourselves with general terms without ideas. What are laws without magistracy? and what is magistracy without superintendance and inspection?

THO. Your reasoning must be admitted as to the moral world; but, in the natural world, the case is different. There are no rebels in the world of nature, except man. All the other creatures perform the part allotted to them, and obey the laws of their Creator, without reluctance and without error.

Mr. CHR. Do you mean, then, to separate the natural government of the world from the moral?

THO. I mean, sir, to distinguish them.

Mr. CHR. Do you admit, then, that God interferes in the *moral* government of the world?

THO. I believe that the dispositions of Providence are such as, on the whole, to punish vice and to reward virtue: indeed, the latter is, in many cases, its own reward; and very often, vice its own punishment.

Mr. CHR. But do you think that Providence ever interposes to affect this in particular instances?

THO. In *some* extraordinary cases, I believe, even this must be admitted; as in the punishment of murderers and tyrants: but it does not therefore follow, that Providence interferes in the concerns of common individuals—much less of ravens and of sparrows.

Mr. CHR. But seeing you admit the doctrine of a general Providence, and even of a particular interference of the Deity in some extraordinary cases, what is your objection to admit it universally—that is, that God governs 'all his creatures, 'and all their actions?'

THO. I think it unworthy the Divine Being. You know, sir, the Horatian maxim—Never to introduce a Deity but on a subject worthy of his appearance.

Mr. CHR. A very good maxim in poetry, THOMAS, but a very bad one in philosophy. Do you think it was unworthy of the Divine Being to create worms and animalcula?

THO. No, sir: because the creation of them discovers, I think, more of the Divine wisdom and skill than almost any other part of the animate creation.

Mr. CHR. And so doth their preservation and support. The larger the family of the Creator, the more apparent his wisdom, power, and goodness in providing for them. For my part, THOMAS, I know not how you may feel upon the idea of being abandoned by the Creator to the hazard of time and chance; but perhaps your principles may not

affect your feelings. I can conceive no hypothesis so honourable to God, or so comfortable to man, as the universal influence and superintendance of the Creator: a Providence that, extending to all worlds, and all creatures, condescends to me—to sparrows, and to worms. In fact, that we and they are every where surrounded with the Divine presence; and that, as your poet and our Apostle are agreed—'In Him we live, and move, and have our being.'

THO. It becomes me, sir, to submit: but I confess the idea you form of God is too great for me; and confounds my utmost attempt to grasp it. Nor do I at present conceive it either necessary or important to any of the purposes of practical religion. Here is our honest friend FIELD, who, I dare say, never extended his thoughts to such sublime speculations; and yet I know, sir, you consider him as an intelligent and good man.

Mr. CHR. I have no objection to your appeal, THOMAS, and am willing that the debate shall close with him, if he can prevail over his natural timidity so far as to give us his opinion, which I know will be the result of his experience.

Our honest Farmer had by this time recovered his surprize, and listened with much attention to the preceding conversation. Upon being thus appealed to, he blushed, and hesitated, and pleaded his incapacity: but upon being urged by both parties, and promised that he should receive no interruption, in expressing his sentiments in his own way, he proceeded.

Mr. FIELD. I am, as you know, sir (addressing Mr. CHRISTIAN) not acquainted with book learning. All my learning is to be able to read my Bible; and all my studies are to practise it. I know nothing of philosophy, or of logic; therefore you will excuse me: the little I know is what God and experience have taught me. When I first took your farm, sir, you know I was a young man, and had a young family, which encreased very fast; and some of them had a good deal of sickness, which God knows was very expensive to me. Beside that, I had but very small means to begin with, and some very bad crops. This lay very heavy on my heart, and I knew not what to do. In short, I was afraid I should be ruined, and my family be starved. This made me very melancholy and thoughtful, till one day I saw a good number of sparrows in the fields, and I thought on what our Lord said about the sparrows:—'That not one of 'them can fall to the ground without our heavenly 'Father's knowledge:'—Then I thought of the ravens, and what David says about them—that God Almighty 'feeds the young ravens when they cry.' Well, thought I, if God cares for sparrows, and feeds ravens, sure he can feed me, though my crops fail—so it comforted me—and I began to cheer up. Things took another face—and I began to say with one of the prophets somewhere—'Although the fig-'tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the 'vine; the fields yield no meat, and there be no

'herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord,
'and joy in the God of my salvation.'

Another time my poor children began to be ragged in their clothes; my wife and I too were very bare; we had a doctor's bill to pay, and an undertaker's for burying some of the children—now I was at my doubts and fears again, and very down-hearted I was: but one day as I was walking in the fields, I noticed the wild flowers that grow there, some of them very fine and gay; and it brought to my mind our Lord's words again—'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
'they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say,
'Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like
'one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the
'grass of the field, will he not much more ye, O ye
'of little faith?'—*Little faith*, indeed, said I, and began to be ashamed, and pray for more faith—so went on working hard, and trusting God; and soon after a good gentleman took notice we looked bare, and gave me a good piece of cloth that clothed me and the boys; and his lady was very kind to my wife. So then I recollected what our Lord says again—'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye
'have need of these things.' So now, young gentleman (addressing Mr. THOMAS CHRISTIAN) you see that what seemed very absurd to you—that God should care for sparrows and such like things, was very comfortable to me, and encouraging; and I could not bear the thought, that

any of God's creatures are shut out from his care and notice: but chiefly, I believe, he is careful for his own; because my Bible tells me—that 'as a 'father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth 'them that fear him;' and I am now taught, through grace, to cast all my burden on the Lord; believing that he careth for me.

LETTER FROM MISS F— TO MISS N—.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

MY dear friend need not make any excuse for omitting to write. No: I am too well acquainted with the hurries and distress of a mind, under so deep affliction as your's must be, to take your silence ill. I ought rather to fear *I* have been guilty of an omission than *you*: but I considered that the consolation a friend could give you by writing, would rather increase than allay your sorrow, till natural affections had in some measure spent themselves, and the soul began to recover strength to strive against that grief which the death of a parent must necessarily occasion.

When we can sit down, and calmly consider that nothing comes to pass without the order and direction of that Sovereign Being who is wisdom itself, how greatly does it tend to the bringing us to a submission to his will? But when we think farther, that infinite love and mercy lies at the bottom of all the dealings of God with us, and all his dear children, surely this should not only bring us to *submit*, but to *chuse* that his will should be done. How

happy would this disposition make you and me if we could attain it!—But, O my friend, I am continually coming short here. May you be under the powerful hand of the blessed spirit, who alone can bring you to a quiet submission to the cutting off, (as you pathetically term it) the greatest stream of your earthly comfort.

I beg you will endeavour to allay your grief, by considering the happy state in which your dear father now is. A little while ago he was under a heavy load of bodily afflictions, and (which is far heavier) was under continual annoyance from a body of sin and death: but now, all is well with him. He is got above the ruins of the Fall (dreadful ruins! which cost our dear Lord so much to repair) and above all fears of being ever deprived of his happiness. O happy, happy deliverance! Can we forbear crying out, 'Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly?'—O, my friend, let us be much in contemplating the great things the Lord has done for us, and the great things he is now doing. Is he not preparing mansions for all who have fled to him as their *only* refuge against the guilt and power of sin, and its tremendous consequences? And have not you and I been enabled, by free grace, thus to do? We have, I humbly hope, thus taken sanctuary in the merits of JESUS; and if so, O comfortable thought! yet, but a little while, and we shall take our eternal leave of sin and sorrow, and be for ever with the Lord: wherefore let us 'comfort one another with these words.'

You know, the apostle says, 'In every thing give thanks!'—Give thanks, then, (my dear friend) for what God did by the ministry of your dear father. Many, I doubt not, have reason to bless God that ever they saw his face: bless God for the great support and comfort he gave him in his tedious sickness. May you and I be thus comforted by the light of God's countenance when we are called to our last combat.

* * * * * * *

I dined with Mrs. R. last Friday, who has lately buried her father. Poor man! he told Mr. R. a little before he died, he was going to take a long journey in the dark. How different was the case with your dear father! May the Lord sanctify this great loss to the bringing you nearer to that friend, that 'everlasting Father!,' who 'was dead, but is alive, and lives for ever!'—My love and service wait on Miss B. I heartily pray that this providence may be a means of shewing her the uncertainty of all earthly comforts; so that she may not take up with any thing short of an interest in Christ. May the God of Peace enable you both to live in love and peace here, and give you a joyful meeting with your father at the right-hand of Christ!

* * * * * * *

I don't know how to leave off, but have time for no more than to desire you and Miss B. to accept of my father and sister's service; and believe me

Your sympathizing friend,

And humble servant,

M. F.

TO THE EDITOR.

ON

LATE ATTENDANCE AT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SIR,

AS I have been a good deal in the religious world, and have, in general, endeavoured to observe what passed around me; I know not that I can do a greater service than to offer to your readers, a few remarks on the characters and conduct of the professors of religion. They and I are quite strangers to each other; so that if the application of Nathan's words, "Thou art the man," becomes proper; no personal description can be imagined, and the force of truth will not be lessened by any of those prejudices which make us think little of the opinion of an acquaintance. We never find a friend so faithful as to mark all the foibles of our conduct, and if we did, we should not be in temper to bear his animadversions; but we may be profited by the remarks of a distant OBSERVER, who, we are sure, cannot have us particularly in his eye; and we can learn to avoid the extremes of conduct, only by knowing the roads which conduct thither. We love to make the applications ourselves, and many a reproof is taken which has no witness but the Deity.

I shall begin with the conduct of professors in the *house of God.* They owe something to society in general—to their brethren—to their own families,

besides the obligations they are under from the injunctions and examples of the Bible.—An accurate example ought to be set to others, and we cannot be worthy members of any religious body, if our zeal and attention, so far as our situations will admit, have not a share in keeping it up. The enemies of our religion are severe in ridiculing the faults of professors—permit her friends to be faithful in reproving them.

I was brought up, *Mr. Editor*, in the habit of early attendance on public worship; and could make many observations on that head; a few, however, shall suffice. Some people are so constantly late, that they are really proverbial; when by mere accident they have been in proper time, those who saw them in the street have often been frightened by their very appearance;—"There goes friend ————," say they, "our watches have deceived us, we are certainly too late." Nor could their apprehensions be quieted till, entering the place of worship, they found themselves in decent time. It happens sometimes, when such a person cannot attend himself, his children are sent, and they accurately copy the worst part of their parents conduct, and are sure not to come till their old *improper* time. So exact is evil habit, that these persons are sure to disturb their brethren in the same part of the service, and three or four of the last sentences of the prayer before sermon are regularly heard—but seldom more. It is so well known who is coming, that the minds of half the congregation are in-

jured in their devotion, not only by the noise, but by the recollection of the reprehensible conduct of some of their friends. Sometimes our female friends offend against decency, in their mode of coming to the house of prayer. I have observed them come in late, and clank up the aisles in their pattens, with an air that seemed to say they either wished for observation, or were that moment enjoying it; and this too while the greatest of all Beings was addressed—when devotion ought not, on any account, to be interrupted, nor its solemnity disturbed.

Controversialists have told us extremes meet; and the observers of conduct may make the same remark. It often is the case that some of the poor are very dilatory in their manner of attending worship, and they hide themselves under the example of the rich. "I came in with Mrs. Such-a-one, and Mr. Such-a-one came in after me," is a sort of excuse for them; thus the example of the rich confirms the evil habit of the poor, and half a dozen gentlemen and ladies, are enough to corrupt the manners of a congregation. I think, Mr. *Editor*, they ought to be told of their conduct, as it has often been noticed before, for I am only one of the junior branches of the respectable family of OBSERVERS.

I have been frequently surprised at these indecencies, and wonder they never struck those who commit them in the true light. They press in time enough to hear a sermon, and to that their conduct pays the highest compliment; for a wish to

hear that overcomes all the natural and habitual indolence of their tempers;—but how do they shew this regard to the address of a fellow-man?—(And here, Mr. *Editor*, the subject assumes a very serious form indeed) they shew it by an almost entire neglect of what is particularly the *worship of God!* What does their conduct say?—Prayer is of trivial importance—not worth minding; and we neither care whether we join in it ourselves, or disturb others in their attention or not! God is a being in public worship, the least attended to of any;—and that part of the service which relates to him, is only used as a *bell* to call people together! How does that regard to the wonderful grace of God, often spoken of in conversation, agree with this neglect of the God of Grace? Why does not the piety that is professed, lead to something like propriety in the house of God? How can these things sit easy on the minds of those who are conscious they are the persons above described?—I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OBSERVER.

April, 1797.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM THE

LATE REV. TIMOTHY THOMAS, TO THE REV. VAVASOR GRIFFITH.

[Wrote juſt before his Death.]

I NOW set myself to write to my friend, because I have got a subject on which I can be talkative with pleasure; it is the weakness and decay that I find coming on me; a slow fever and cough, with many other certain symptoms of a consumption. My friend is more a Christian than to think this a melancholy circumstance, which I cannot relate without a smile. The subject is pleasant; it cheers me to find *the earthly house of this tabernacle*, in which I groan and am burdened, wasting, reeling, and ready to be dissolved. Alas! my friend, is there any thing here worth living for? How low the attainment! how imperfect the enjoyments! while above is fulness of joy, and pleasure for evermore.—Have I any prospect of living either for the glory of God, the good of others, or my own improvement? As for the glory of God, or others' good, how little must be their loss by such a life as mine! The desires of my soul, I hope, are sincere; and preaching is a probable means of attaining these ends. But both you and I see, with sorrow, how little good is done by our daily preaching: from mine, I am sure, but small things can be

expected. The report is gone forth, but *to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?* Would longer life be profitable to my own soul? Am I sure of improvement and growth in grace? and what if I should decline, and grow more unprepared for the heavenly enjoyments (as God only knows, and my own deceitful heart makes me fear) then where is the benefit of living longer? You may say, dying is a great thing, an awful work. I say so too: and were it not for one strong hold to which I fly, the thoughts of it would amaze and confound me: how else would my guilty soul meet its God! Let me tell you, my friend, there is all my salvation. The foundation of my hope is the everlasting Covenant, the atoning sacrifice, the blood of sprinkling: Jesus the Saviour, able to save to the uttermost; a living intercessor, and advocate with the Father! On him my soul rests, the corner stone, chosen of God, and precious! Whatever principles others may seek comfort from, I declare this all my salvation—the Everlasting Covenant; *sure* and *well ordered.* Is it not well ordered, when such a wretch as I, conscious of so much sin both before I knew God, and since by back-sliding, and often grieving the Holy Spirit—even this moment, God knows my heart! weighing every thing, I look upon myself as the chief of sinners;—is it not well ordered that I can still retain a hope?—Is not this well ordered, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin? Never have I seen more of its efficacy than

now. The atonement is so full, that there remains no more conscience of sin; hence is there boldness in the day of the Lord. This is the exalted doctrine, honourable for God, and supporting to man. Preach it, my friend, *earnestly* preach it, when I am dead. While I have life and strength, I will speak of it; for it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. When you pray, be sure to remember me:—write to me; come and see me: think not of the melancholy entertainment of seeing a sick man, a sick friend. I am well, I am as I would be; expect then to find me pleasant and cheerful; and yet I am almost sick with the fears of being well: I dread going back to life again: I cannot bear health and long life in such a world as this: how burdensome a thought is it! How has this sickness been to me! what had I to bless God more for! That wondrous Being, whose name is *Love*, seems to be designing and doing more for me than ever before. How sweet are my hours in prayer! I meet him in meditation: I hold him fast; I cannot let him go, till he leaves speaking. Let my joys for the future be all from heaven; I have enough of earthly things, and count them all but dross and dung, compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. It is only with respect to a future state that I value my friend; with whom I hope to spend a pleasant and everlasting day.

Farewel.

T. T.

TO THE EDITOR.

ON THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

I HAVE often considered that remarkable mode of expressing the eternity and omnipotence of Jesus Christ in Revelation i. 8. 'I am Alpha and 'Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the 'Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to 'come, the Almighty.' The expression is clearly Hebraistic, and is parallel to the name JEHOVAH, and to the amplification of that name in Exodus iii. 14. 'I AM THAT I AM;' or, as it might be rendered, 'I am He who is.' It is the assumption of self-existence, the full declaration of that absolute independence and supremacy to which we attach the idea of *God*. '*This*,' saith the Almighty unto the Jewish legislator in the next verse, '*this* is my 'name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all 'generations.' Hath Jesus assumed a new name distinct from this, or one of an inferior import? No! he hath taken this incommunicable name of God, and asserted it to be absolutely his own, on two very remarkable occasions, in neither of which was he misunderstood. The first was, at the conclusion of his great dispute with the Jews respecting his divine origin and mission, related in the eighth chapter of St. John. After a free assertion of his divinity, and a clear refutation of their malevolent objections to it, he rises at length in all the majesty of the Godhead, and with an impressive solemnity declares, 'Verily, verily I say unto you,

before Abraham was, I AM!' v. 58. The Jews had been wondering at his assertion of being prior to Abraham, grounding their opposition on his appearance. It is then that he arrests their attention, and fills them with astonishment, by adopting the sacred and awful appellation of eternal Deity, 'I AM!'—They were then no longer in any doubt with regard to his meaning; for they immediately concluded him a blasphemer, and endeavoured to punish him with the death which was due to that heinous crime in their law: but his *omnipotence* was superior to their malice, 'he went through the 'midst of them,' unhurt by their missile weapons, 'and passed by.'

The other occasion on which this appellation was taken by the King of the Church, was that which I first mentioned, when he made the last visible revelation of his will unto his beloved apostle. That St. John might be more deeply impressed with an awful sense of the absolute sovereignty of his master, our Lord introduces himself with this high declaration: 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning 'and ending, saith the Lord, *which is*, and *which* '*was*, and *which is to come*, the ALMIGHTY.' This is the assertion of *self-existence*, and consequently of *eternity*.

No critical sophistry can do away the plain meaning of this emphatical passage of sacred writ. It embraces all that can be conceived of the essential nature, and the glorious attributes of the great Sovereign of the Universe. It carries the mind

back before all ages; it gives us to see whose hand supports, and whose influence pervades, the whole system of the universe, natural and moral; and it extends our view to the great season, when the earth and the visible heavens shall be kindled into a blaze at the presence of the incarnate Deity. Contemplating these grand periods, and seeing one Being governing them all, and regulating whatever shall distinguish them; what must be our conclusion of him, but that he is indeed 'GOD over all, blessed for ever!'

The passage which has suggested these remarks, has proved so difficult to the Socinians, that they have taken very extraordinary pains to get rid of its evidence; and Mr. *Lindsay* in particular, thinking he has made a mighty discovery, exults over Dr. *Doddridge*, because it is not to be found in *three* manuscripts. But his triumph is premature. The same declaration is repeated in the eleventh and seventeenth verses of this chapter, and in the eighth verse of the next. But what puts its authenticity beyond doubt, is the remarkable ascription of praise to God, in the eighth verse of the fourth chapter, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which '*was*, and *is*, and is *to come*.' Who was on the throne to whom this heavenly worship was paid?—In the very midst of it, and in the midst of the beings who thus worshipped around it, stood 'the '*Lamb* as it had been slain.' Ver. 6.

To close the proof,—in the completion of Christ's church, related in the twenty-first chapter, the

same person who sat on the throne declares, 'I am 'Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; 'I will give, unto him that is a thirst, of the foun-'tain of the waters of life freely. He that over-'cometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his 'GOD, and he shall be my son,' v. 6, 7. Here is no interpolation; these verses are, *in toto*, to be found in every ancient manuscript of authority. One thing I would observe, on this *stale* objection of the Socinians to particular passages, that they are interpolations, merely because they are not to be found in one or two manuscripts; that we can hardly suppose the early Christians, or the old heretics, were men so devoid of observation; so indifferent to what materially concerned their religion, or so little versed in the scriptures, as to permit any alteration of moment to take place without raising a spirit of opposition to it; and if that had happened, we should have heard of it from the one party or the other. As it is, these charges of interpolation must fall to the ground, and the Deity of our Saviour will stand as an eternal truth to the confusion of the adversaries.

J. W.

March 27, 1797.

THE

SALVATION OF THE GOSPEL.

ISA. XIX. 20.

—*They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a* SAVIOUR *and a* GREAT ONE, *and he shall deliver them.*

TO borrow St. Paul's phraseology in another place, we may say, that though there are *saviours* many, and *salvations* many, to us [Christians] there is but one SAVIOUR—JESUS CHRIST, and one SALVATION—that which is by grace, through faith; this, however, may be illustrated by a comparison with others. Salvation always implies misery; and its nature must be answerable to the calamity from which it delivers. Some principal calamities, under which men have laboured, are SLAVERY—CAPTIVITY, and WAR.

I. To begin with SLAVERY: the most severe and painful I recollect, was that of the Israelites in Egypt; the severity of which will appear greater, when we consider the honourable state in which they were originally placed, as the relatives and countrymen of Joseph—the great services Joseph had, under God, rendered to the nation, in saving them from famine and destruction—their conduct to their tyrants, so that nothing could be alledged against them; but that they increased and multiplied, which was an evident sign of the blessing of God with them—the wicked manner in which they

were oppressed, and the mad cruelty exercised over them by Pharoah and his task-masters. These things much augmented the weight of their slavery, and some of them point it out as no improper type of that still more cruel slavery in which mankind are naturally held by Sin and Satan. It is true, we cannot boast the exemplary character of these persons, or their merit and dignity; yet we may say they are the work of God, and were originally formed in his image; honoured with his approbation, and favoured with his blessing; till the tempter seduced them into sin. They were made immortal spirits, capable of endless joys.—But ah! 'how is the gold become dim! and the most fine 'gold tarnished!' The servants of God are become the slaves of Satan; and those who enjoyed the liberty of his service, are brought under the yoke of bondage to the grand enemy of their souls; nay, what is more extraordinary, they are his *willing* slaves, and when (like the centurion in the Gospel) he says to one *go*, and to another *come* *, they readily obey him. Nor is the tyrant more reasonable in his commands than even Israel's task-masters, who required them to make bricks without straw; for he often excites them to sins they have not ability to commit; and is not satisfied with their most assiduous obedience.—'But we have heard 'with our ears, O GOD! and our fathers have told 'us of thy signs in Egypt, and thy wonders in the 'land of Ham.'—'How thou ledest forth thy peo-

* Matt. viii. 9.

'ple by the hand of Moses, with thy glorious arm, 'and broughtest them up from the house of bond-'age!'—Then the Lord heard their cry under oppression, and sent a SAVIOUR, and a GREAT ONE, to deliver them. Moses was raised up to be their deliverer; but a greater than Moses, hath the LORD raised up to be our PRINCE and SAVIOUR. 'Bles-'sed be the LORD GOD, who hath visited and re-'deemed his people.'

II. We must consider CAPTIVITY, and that too as distinguishable from slavery. Though these may often meet, they do not always. Every captivity is not a slavery; nor every slavery a captivity. Israel, after their deliverance, were often for their sins deserted by God, and given up into the hands of their enemies. Thus, to go back to the time between Joshua and Samuel, we read after preceding captivities and deliverances, that the 'children of Israel did evil again in the sight 'the LORD, and the LORD delivered them into 'the hand of the Philistines forty years.' Here is a captivity aggravated by several circumstances: as, 1st. Its length, forty years:—2. The conquerors, their natural enemies, the Philistines.—3. The place, their own land; had they been led captive into a foreign country, they might possibly, in some measure, have forgot the house of their fathers, and the liberties they used to enjoy; but this, in their own country, was impossible.—Now some of these particulars will point out our own state by Nature, as 'led captive by Satan at his will;' and

as alienated from God by natural depravity. But the LORD raised up in this case also a SAVIOUR and a GREAT ONE. Sampson was sent to be the deliverer of Israel, and endued with extraordinary strength for that arduous work: his taking away their gates, burning their fields of corn, and slaying a thousand of their men, were beginnings of his work. Afterwards, his locks being shorn, and his strength departed, he himself was a captive prisoner, and used with greater cruelty than any of his countrymen. His hair, however, grew again, and with it his strength returned; and he wrought more for their deliverance in his death, than he had done all his life-time. How striking a type of the SON of GOD! His life was highly meritorious, and available for our salvation; but, like Sampson, "he conquered when he fell." Then were the powers of darkness overthrown, and the head of the Old Serpent bruised. Then did he lead 'captivity captive;' and 'having spoiled principalities and pow-'ers, made a shew of them openly, triumphing 'over them' upon his cross.

III. The last deliverance I mentioned is, from WAR and SLAUGHTER. All mankind, by the Fall, are involved in hostilities against God. By nature they are his enemies, and must have been slain by the sword of his justice, had not JESUS, the Prince of Peace, graciously intervened, and procured our pardon at the expence of his own blood. —But this is neither the danger nor deliverance I mean to dwell on.—We have a striking piece of

history in the life of David *; which, I conceive, is to our purpose. Israel and the Philistines pitched on two opposite mountains. In the valley between appeared a Philistine champion, who defied the armies of Israel, and their GOD. What shall now be done? The hearts of the Israelites are discouraged, and despair sits in every countenance. If they fight, they expect nothing but death; or if they submit, slavery:—but it is dangerous to defy those whom the God of Israel defends. Behold, he sent a SAVIOUR, and a GREAT ONE, to deliver them. David, the stripling, shall slay the giant; because he fights not in his own, but in JEHOVAH's name.—In HIS name he conquers; he more than conquers—he *triumphs*; whilst his enemies are put to shameful flight. Satan is the grand enemy of mankind—the great champion of hell. Man is weak, and has no might against this great host: who shall defend him?—His MAKER he has most grievously offended, and despised the SON of HIS love—Yet, behold!—THAT SON comes commissioned from the offended FATHER, for their salvation. They look at him with Saul's question—'Who is this stripling?'—'Whose son is he?'—Why, say some, he is 'the son of Joseph the Carpenter!'—And his own brethren, like David's, despise him in their hearts; because he comes not dressed with the splendours of DIVINITY, but wearing, as it were, his shepherd's dress—the robes of his humanity.—Yet, 'he comes—he fights—he

* 1 Sam. xvii.

conquers:'—and his people have only, like Israel's armies, to pursue their fleeing adversaries, and divide the spoil. But let us conclude our comparison between David and JESUS by a song, like that with which the populace received the former.—'David has slain his thousands, and JESUS his tens of thousands.'

Now your grateful music bring;
Hail the vict'ries of your King!
JESUS sing, the sinner's friend;
Who from heaven did descend.
JESUS sing, the crucified,
Who for sinners liv'd and died;
But in death our foes he slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due!

INGENUUS.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[No. III.]

BETWEEN JACOB AND JOSEPH.

'There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
'Our weary souls shall sit;
'And with transporting joys recount
'The labours of our feet.
'No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
'Nor trifles vex our ear:
'Infinite grace shall fill our song,
'And God rejoice to hear!' WATTS.

JOSEPH.

BEHOLD, my father—where all the windings of Providence terminate!

JACOB. Happy termination! It is pleasant to

look back on all the ways which the Lord our God hath led us to this heavenly country.

Jos. We see now, that though the way was thorny, it was a *right* way, for it hath brought us to a *city of habitation*—the New Jerusalem.

Jac. We were but pilgrims and strangers upon earth, and, as such, could not expect the accommodations which those meet with who make it their home.

Jos. Alas! for such unhappy men! but we were all tempted, and too much disposed to do so; and it was by many cross providences and disappointments we were weaned from it.

Jac. True, my son; and yet, in many of those circumstances, I can see my own weakness and folly as the procuring cause, though it was the hand of God effected them.

Jos. It is the Lord's method to correct his people by their own follies, and often in a way that marks the course which led to them.

Jac. This was most remarkably the case with me, in several instances. It was my ungenerous and dishonest treatment of my brother Esau, which procured me the same conduct from my uncle Laban.

Jos. There was certainly too much similarity in those cases: but it has often seemed very strange to me, that my uncle Esau should so undervalue his birth-right as to sell it for a mess of pottage.

Jac. The error lay in his principles. My poor brother was an unbeliever, and saw nothing more

in the birth-right than the family precedency, and the temporal promises. He was, therefore, right in saying—of what use is this birth-right, now I am dying?

Jos. Was he in any immediate danger of death?

Jack. No: that was the language of despondency and ill temper. He was, however, very faint, and fatigued with hunting, and the pottage my fond mother had prepared, appeared to him like the tree of knowledge of good and evil, *pleasant* to look upon, and *good for food:* However, it was certainly cruel in me to take advantage of that circumstance, when I ought to have freely given it him: but to defraud him of the blessing afterwards was doubly criminal, justly exasperated my brother, and laid the foundation of the troubles of many years.

Jos. Did not your conscience reproach you?

Jack. It did: but you know the nature of sin: and at this time I had no true knowledge of the Most High; nor afterward, till the Lord revealed himself to me at Luz.

Jos. But your afflictions were chiefly after conversion; whereas those sins were all before.

Jack. This is another part of the Divine conduct very observable. Sometimes, while we go on in the way of sin, the Lord seems to prosper us; whereas, after our hearts are turned to fear him, he follows us with trouble after trouble.

Jos. Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence; but they are wise and just. I myself have

often seen the prosperity of the wicked, and the affliction of the righteous.

JAC. My conduct, with respect to you, was another circumstance I was going to remark. Parents often shew a weak partiality to a darling child, which commonly brings trouble both to child and parent. Thus, my fondness in giving you a gayer coat than your brethren, exposed you to their envy and hatred, and brought on myself all the griefs I suffered on your account.

JOS. And, through their envy, I was raised to power, and enabled to provide an asylum for my father and his family at last. Thus, from our imaginary good springs evil—from that evil, however, the Lord often produces real good.

JAC. And what I thought would have brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, on the contrary, preserved me from want, and crowned my hoary age with blessings.—Praised be the Lord!

JOS. The Lord's name be praised!

JAC. But what were your sensations under the variety of changes you experienced?

JOS. Painful indeed, at first, as you must suppose. Death, and slavery, were terrible alternatives; and I hardly knew which to prefer; but when I had experienced some remarkable deliverances, I beganto cherish hope and confidence in God; and, under my succeeding trials, I looked to the hand of Providence with comfort.

JAC. In the following part of your life, which do you consider as your severest trials?

Jos. Those which arose from my success and prosperity.

Jac. We are not apt to call such circumstances trying.

Jos. But I found them so.—Consider my situation in Potiphar's house—myself in the prime of life, and not insensible to female beauty—my mistress herself no way disagreeable, but by her wantonness—and myself so under her power, that even my life might depend upon her pleasure.

Jac. How was you preserved, then?

Jos. I recollected the God of my fathers—'Him 'who liveth, and seeth me.' The light of his countenance beamed on me, and shewed the sin in all its aggravations—as injustice and ingratitude to my master, and impiety to God. Thus I was enabled to spurn the temptation at once—(for had I parleyed with it, I must have fell)—and said, 'How 'can I do this great wickedness and sin against 'God?'

Jac. You yourself had a striking instance of ingratitude in Pharoah's butler.

Jos. I had so; and it grieved me, at first, to find it: but when I got conversant at courts, and knew the world better, I found nothing more common, and was more surprized afterwards when I met with gratitude or friendship, than its reverse.

Jac. But you met with both in Pharoah?

Jos. So the Lord disposed it: but his kindness had like to have been a more fatal snare to me than all my afflictions.

JAC. How so?

JOS. The air of courts is very contagious. I found it almost impossible to reside there without catching the manners of those around: as much so as to touch pitch without defilement. It was here I learned to assume the airs of a courtier and a despot—to swear by the life of Pharoah—and had gone farther:—but the Lord recovered me to himself by the wonderful Providence which brought my brethren into Egypt.

JAC. And thus a train of providences, apparently of the most adverse tendency, terminated, even on earth, in a manner the most happy that could be wished.

JOS. And here afford matter for endless admiration and gratitude!

JAC. 'Great and marvellous are thy works, 'Lord God Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, 'thou King of Saints!'

THE

SPIRITUAL BEE.

HINDOO CRITICISM.

WHEN MOONSHEE first heard of Christianity, he was shewn a picture in which an Angel was represented with wings, as is usual among us; upon which he asked an European gentleman —'Sir, are *Angels* women or birds? I see they

'have got feathers, therefore they must be birds; 'and then I can see them, and catch them: now '*we* think they are great powers who can go any 'where in an instant, *without wings*, or any such 'helps.'—He is now much hurt at pretended pictures of God, or of the Holy Spirit, with wings like a dove: and many of the cuts sometimes put into Bibles, are to him, as well as others who are still heathens, a great stumbling block.

Period. Accounts, No. III.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY:

AN ANECDOTE.

Many persons contract their liberality, if, by any providential occurrences, their secular affairs are either deranged or impaired. That some good men have, however, been of another mind, and that they have not been afraid to trust God in such a condition, will fully appear from the following incident, which is related by Mr. Tong, in his life of Mr. Shower, p. 3.—A religious and wealthy merchant in Derbyshire, having heard of the loss of a ship near *Hull*, in which he had effects to the value of £. 1,500, presently called to his cash-keeper, and ordered him to distribute £. 100 amongst such poor Ministers and Christians as he should direct: '*For*,' says he, '*if it be going by* £. 1,500 *at a lump, it is time to make sure of some part of it before it be all gone!*'—What is given for the sake of Christ shall be amply and certainly recompenced.

ILLUSTRATION

OF

RUTH IV. AND PSALM LX. 8.

MR. D'ISRAELI (Curiosities of Literature, Vol. I. 462) observes that the word (נַעַל) which we render *shoe* in the above texts, the Chaldee Paraphrase, in the latter of them, renders *glove*; and *Causabon* explains it of the *clothing of the hand.* Though Mr. D'I. does not himself adopt this explanation, he traces the antiquity of gloves up to the times of Xenophon and Homer. He shews the giving of a glove was, in the middle ages, a ceremony of investiture in bestowing lands and dignities. In A. D. 1002, two bishops were put in possession of their sees, each by receiving a glove. So in England, in the reign of Edward II. the deprivation of gloves was a ceremony of degradation.

But as there seems no sufficient authority for rendering the Hebrew word in the above texts *glove*, is it not probable that the taking of a *shoe*, or sandal, was formerly a method of transferring inheritances among the Hebrews?—*Castell* (Lex. polyg. col. 2342.) mentions that the Emperor of the Abysinians used the *casting a shoe* as a sign of dominion.—Then the meaning of the Psalmist will be 'Of Edom will I take possession'—wherefore he adds 'Who will lead me into Edom? Wilt not 'thou, O God?'

SELECT SENTIMENTS.

EVERY good man's heart is the temple of God, and his house of prayer. Be thou in bed, abroad in thy fields, at home in thy closet, the place makes no difference: thy prayers will consecrate and make it an habitation of God's Spirit and gracious presence. ST. BERNARD.

AT Rome, Antichrist is of age, a sovereign, and wears a crown: at the meanest meeting-house, if the same kind of tyranny be, Antichrist is a beggar's Baby at the breast: but as conscience every where is a throne of God, so an usurper of his throne is Antichrist every where.

R. ROBINSON.

ANECDOTES.

MR. R. ROGERS, an old non-conformist minister, being once in company with a gentleman of very little seriousness, he told him, 'Mr. Rogers, 'I like your company very well, but *you are so pre-* 'cise!'—'O sir (replied he) I serve a *precise God.*'

MR. ADAMS of Falkirke said, in the prospect of death, 'I am not anxious either to live or die; 'for if I *die* I shall be with God; and if I *live* he 'will be with me.

THE learned and philosophic Dr. HOOKE, was remarked for acknowledging God in all his ways.

He never made any considerable discovery in nature, or invented any useful contrivance, or found out any difficult problem in philosophy, without minuting his acknowledgments to God, as appeared by many passages in his diary. On his birth-day, in 1696, he made the following entry: 'D. O. M. S. 'H. G. L. I. S. S. A. [i. e. Deo opt. max*. summus 'honor, gloria in secula seculorum. Amen.] I was 'born on this day of July, 1635, and God has given 'me a new birth: may I never forget his mercies 'to me; whilst he gives me breath may I praise 'him!'

Dr. Compton, formerly Bp. of London, bore the blessed character of a peace-maker. Once being called upon to reconcile a minister and his parishioners, it came out that the former had spoken disrespectfully of himself: 'I am glad of that,' said he, 'because he has given me the opportunity of 'setting a good example in forgiving him.'

An Indian woman, of North America, had successively five children, who all died in early infancy. About ten days after she was delivered of her sixth child, she went into the fields to bemoan her case; but while she was musing on the insufficency of human help, she found it powerfully suggested to her mind, that there is one Almighty God

* To God, the greatest and best of beings, be the highest honour and glory for evermore.

who is to be prayed to; that this God created all things; that he had given being to herself, and to her child; and that he was able to preserve and continue it. Accordingly to him she prayed, and her child was spared. A few years afterward both she and her husband were converted to Christianity, and this son became an eminent Indian preacher—*Japheth Hannit.*

AN ITALIAN BISHOP struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much contradiction and disappointment, without betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate, if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. 'Yes, (replied the old man) 'I can teach you my 'secret, and with great facility; it consists in no-'thing more than making a right use of my eyes!' His friend begged him to explain himself. 'Most 'willingly, (returned the bishop.) In whatever 'state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and 'remember, that my principal business here is to 'prepare for my journey there: I then look down 'upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space 'I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred: 'again, I look abroad into the world, and observe 'what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are 'more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where 'true happiness is placed, where all our cares must 'end, and how very little reason I have to repine 'or to complain.'

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

[No. IV.]

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE.

AN ALLEGORY.

IF e'er bewilder'd in a mazy grove,
Perchance some helpless children pensive stray,
Incessant thro' perplexing ways they rove,
Hail the first stranger, and enquire their way.

Happy if they a simple peasant find,
Who deems his service to the needy due;
Who, suiting precepts to their infant mind,
Directs them in the path they shou'd pursue.

Their heedful feet with cautious steps proceed,
'Till from afar their eyes descry sweet home:
The joyful sight re-animates their speed,
'Till to the period of their toil they come.

But if (alas) a Judas they salute,
Whose hypocritic heart is fraught with guile,
Soon they fall victims to the artful brute,
Who veils his malice with a fatal smile.

By craft deluded, see they fearless tread,
Nor dream of danger from the deadly snare;
Till ruin rears aloft her horrid head,
Ejects kind hope, and ushers in despair.

PART II.

Is not the world a heart-entangling wood?
Or term'd by some, an ocean tempest tost?
But call it mazy copse, or troubled flood,
Still 'tis the place where erring man is lost.

Onward he wanders thro' the devious way,
As guilty pleasure leads his thoughtless soul,
Till Sinai's lightnings all around him play,
And Sinai's thunders all around him roll.

In this distress, O helpless sinner, learn
The conduct of a faithful guide to prize;
The only way by which you can return,
Close by the foot of Calvary's mountain lies.

The faithful Teacher evermore revere,
Pure in his manners, in his doctrine true;
Who sounds the Gospel trumpet in your ear,
Who points a dying Saviour to your view.

Let moralists for morals wrangle still,
Remember what the word of God decrees:
Be just, be moral, be whate'er you will,
Devoid of faith, him you can never please.

On faith in Christ (that true foundation) rear
The whole of your obedience to the law;
Of ev'ry sin, in heart or life, beware,
But all your hope from Jesu's merit draw.

W. D.

GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

JOB xi. 7.

PARENT supreme, who dwell'st on high,
In uncreated light,
Thine own essential glories lie
Conceal'd from mortal sight.

Effulgence infinite doth veil
Thine underiv'd abode;
While every beam of glory shews
The self-existent God.

All nature rests upon thy word,
And stars and planets roll
Beneath thy throne, or stand, or move,
At thy divine controul.

We trace the wonders of thy hand
Around this spacious frame;
But cannot fathom thy designs,
Nor comprehend thy name.

Infinite beauty, pow'r, and skill,
Appear in all thy ways;
And earth and air, and sea and skies,
Proclaim thine endless praise.

Lo! all the tribes of creatures bow
With reverence at thy throne,
Confess their meanness, and adore
The Infinite unknown.

Fountain of Blessedness! in THEE
Our utmost powers are lost,
And partial glances of thy name
Are all that we can boast.

G. B.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

AGAIN, the lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

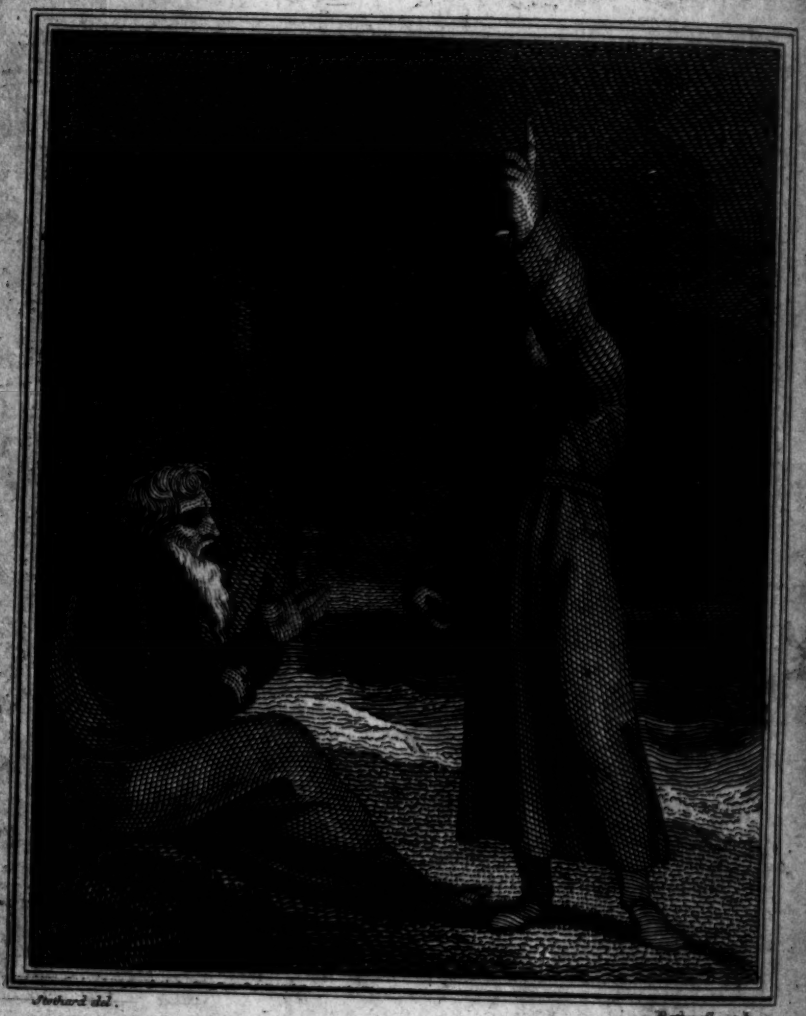
O! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannah's sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings on its wings,
To ages yet unborn.

B.

BRITISH
17 AP 90
MUSEUM



Stothard del. Bartolozzi sculp.

CONVERSION OF JUSTIN MARTYR.

London Published June 30-1797, by W. Button P.N.Row.

THE

CONVERSION OF JUSTIN MARTYR.

[With an Engraving.]

THIS great man was born at Neapolis, in Samaria, anciently called Sichem. His father was a Gentile, probably one of the Greeks belonging to the colony transplanted thither, who gave his son a philosophical education. In his youth he travelled for the improvement of his understanding; and Alexandria afforded him all the entertainment which an inquisitive mind could derive from the fashionable studies. The stoics appeared to him, at first, the masters of happiness. He gave himself up to one of this sect, till he found he could learn nothing from him of the nature of God. It is remarkable (as he tells us himself) that his tutor told him this was a knowledge by no means necessary; which much illustrates the views of Dr. *Warburton* concerning these ancient philosophers, that they were Atheists in reality. He next betook himself to a Peripatetic, whose anxious desire of settling the price of instruction, convinced Justin that truth did not dwell with him. A Pythagorean next engaged his attention, who, requiring of him the previous knowledge of music, astronomy, and geometry, dismissed him for the present, when he understood he was unfurnished with those studies. In much solicitude, he applied himself to a Platonic philosopher, with a more plausible appearance of success than from any of the foregoing. He now

gave himself to retirement. As he was walking near the sea, he was met by an aged person, of a venerable appearance, whom he beheld with much attention. Do you know me? says he; when he answered in the negative, he asked why he surveyed him with so much attention? I wondered, says he, to find any person here. The stranger observed, that he was waiting for some domestics. But what brought you here? says he. Justin professed his love of private meditation: the other hinted at the absurdity of mere speculation abstracted from practice; which gave occasion to Justin to express his ardent desire of knowing God, and to expatiate on the praises of philosophy. The stranger, by degrees, endeavoured to cure him of his ignorant admiration of Plato and Pythagoras, and to point out to him the writings of the Hebrew prophets, as being much more ancient than any of those called philosophers; and led him to some view of Christianity in its nature and its evidences, adding, 'Above all things, pray that the gates of 'light may be opened unto thee; for they are not 'discernible, nor to be understood by all, except 'God and his Christ give to a man to understand.' The man having spoken these things, and much more, left me (says Justin) directing me to pursue these things, and I saw him no more. Immediately a fire was kindled in my soul, and I had a strong affection for the prophets, and those men who are the friends of Christ; and weighing within myself his words, I found this to be the only sure philoso-

phy. We have no more particulars of the exercises of his soul in religion. His conversion took place from hence, sometime in the reign of Adrian. But he has shewn us enough to make it evident, that conversion was then looked on as an inward spiritual work upon the soul, and that he had the substance of the same work of grace, which the Spirit operates at this day on real Christians.

MILNER's *Hist. of the Church, Vol. I. p.* 205.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[No. V.]

SPRING was now pretty far advanced in her career, and SUMMER gaily approaching, decked with flowers, and bearing the early fruits, when Mr. CHRISTIAN, and his family, retired to their rural villa, a few miles from town. Their time is here divided between devotion, benevolence, and study, or rational recreation; and so apportioned, that each rather aids, than interrupts the exercise of the other. They are early risers, and generally take a short morning walk—either to visit a neighbouring farm-yard—to witness the rural occupations of the fields, or to enjoy the concert of the winged songsters in an adjacent copse. After breakfast the YOUNG LADIES employ themselves alternately in reading books, calculated for their mental improvement, and in needle-work, partly for the embellishment of their own dress, and partly

after the example of *Dorcas**, and of their own mother, in making garments for the poor. They are particularly pleased when any of their poor neighbours are pregnant, to be employed in preparing the child-bed linen; and amuse themselves with a variety of little devices for the ornament of the young strangers, as well as in the articles of necessary clothing. They always visit the good women in these situations, sometimes provide nurses, encourage them in their duty, and are careful that, on such occasions, nothing should be wanted.

Mr. CHRISTIAN employs a considerable part of his time in visiting his tenants and poor neighbours. To farmers or shopkeepers, whose capitals are small. he advances occasional sums, at little or no interest; and even forgives the principal, whenever he finds re-payment is so difficult as to check exertion, or depress the spirits. Among his other neighbours he is frequently engaged in settling disputes and composing differences. Very often he is honoured with being chosen executor, guardian, or trustee; and never refuses any office for its trouble or inconvenience, that affords him a probable opportunity of doing good.

He is always active to introduce or support the Gospel in the surrounding villages, with little regard to denomination, provided the preacher is sound in the distinguishing truths of Christianity. His house is open to the ministers of the Gospel who come

* Acts. ix. 39.

in the discharge of their office: but he is cautious of making it a retreat or asylum for the indolent, and those who seek their ease and indulgence, except in cases of sickness and infirmity.

Another considerable part of Mr. CHRISTIAN's time is employed in his garden, which is laid out in a manner, perhaps, peculiar to himself. He has met with the opinion of some divines, that Paradise was designed to Adam, not merely as a place of enjoyment, but as a school of knowledge; and that its productions were symbolically instructive in the most important truths. Without entering far into this discussion, he has fitted up his own garden upon such a plan, chiefly by means of paintings, images, mottos, and inscriptions, all expressing some important fact, or lesson of instruction.

For instance—for the accommodation of his bees, and the preservation of their honey, as well as for his own and family's amusement, Mr. C. has *glass* hives, by which he is enabled to observe the progress of their labours; and over these he has placed a board, with two or three verses from Dr. Watts's Childrens' Hymns:

> 'How doth the little busy bee
> 'Improve each shining hour, &c.'

Thus the dove-house, the hen-coop, &c. are also provided with maxims of instruction; as well as the clock and the dial, which seldom want their appropriate mottos.

Over the principal entrance to his garden is this inscription from Dr. *Watts*, expressive of his design:

'While round the garden and the groves,
'Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
'With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
'Let every tree yield knowledge too,
'Safer than that in Eden grew,
'Where your own Mother EVE found poison in the fruit.'

Mr. CHRISTIAN'S garden is divided by three principal walks. Bounded on the one side by the kitchen garden, and on the other by the shrubbery. At the end of the right-hand walk is a beautiful painting, so contrived, and artfully concealed, as to represent a gate with a distant prospect in the fields. The deception appears only on a near approach, and exhibits the favourite motto of Dr. *Young*:

'Things invisible, deceive not.'

The opposite side walk is terminated by a small grotto, with a spring that gently murmurs into the adjoining field. Over this is written,

'So pass the fleeting hours of life away!'

Here also is a painting which represents JESUS sitting upon the well, when he conversed with the woman of Samaria, with this inscription: 'If thou 'knewest who it is that saith to thee, give me to 'drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he 'would have given thee living water!'

A few other paintings, the works of indigent and unpatronized genius, are distributed about the garden: the subjects partly taken from the scriptures, and partly from instructive emblems. On each side of the grand centre walk, are placed a few busts and statues, not of naked and indecent Heathen idols, nor of the heroes and tyrants of antiquity; but a *Howard*, a *Hanway*, a *Gouge*, and such other benefactors of mankind. At the bottom of this is a beautiful and capacious arbour, elevated on a gradual rising, so as to command a full view of the garden: and the back of it made with hanging shutters, which, when let down, exhibit a grand and charming prospect of the surrounding country, with these lines from *Milton*, placed immediately under the spectator's eye:

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
'Almighty, thine this universal frame,
'Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!'

The arbour itself is formed of lattice work, covered with honeysuckles, jessamine, and the like flowering trees, with roses, lilies, and violets beneath. It was a warm and fine evening in May, when Mr. C. and his happy family, were seated in this charming retreat, inhaling the odours of the garden and the field, and admiring the beautiful appearance of the surrounding prospect, gilded by the setting sun, who was now retiring with great dignity behind a crimson cloud, which appeared as if spread upon the distant hills.

'Thus,' said Mr. CHRISTIAN, 'have I sometimes seen an aged believer retiring from earth to heaven—his race accomplished, and his work completed—while his dying conversation reflected a glory around his bed, and promised a future immortality of bliss: just as the beams of yonder luminary adorn the circumambient hemisphere, and predict, to the attentive shepherd, that the morrow shall be fair.'

'Sir,' said MERCY, (Mr. C.'s eldest daughter) 'I have often heard of a Christian's dying, like the sun under a cloud; but I have understood it differently, of a case of spiritual desertion and distress.

Mr. CHRISTIAN. You are right, my dear; but the case you allude to is different from that I mentioned. Now you see the sun retires with majesty and splendour; but the case you name resembles those cloudy evenings, when the sun itself is no more visible, but the whole hemisphere is veiled with clouds and darkness. And yet, while every thing appears to us thus gloomy, the sun shines with unabated splendour above the clouds; and while his light is thus withdrawn from us, his rising beams gild the horizon of other climes: so, perhaps, the dying believer, whose death appears to us without comfort and without honour, is happy and triumphant in his own feelings, when he is too far absorbed in death to make us sensible of his happiness.

MERCY. It may be so, sir; but I have often

trembled, and have known much stronger Christians than myself tremble, at the painful apprehension of such a state.

Mr. CHRIS. That, indeed, is not uncommon; but it arises from want of confidence in the divine fidelity. The Lord has promised never to leave nor forsake his people: and that neither 'life nor *death*, things present, nor *things to come*,' shall separate them from his love.

MERCY. True, sir, but death is always terrible where faith is weak.

Mr. CHRIS. Fear not, 'O thou of little faith!' Many who have been 'in bondage through the fear of death' all their life-time, have triumphed gloriously in the trying hour. And if not: the passage is but short; and its darkness may only make the succeeding glory appear more brilliant. What says my son Thomas to this subject? Do you think that philosophy can yield consolations in a dying hour equal to those of Christianity?

THOMAS. No, sir, I confess it cannot. *Socrates* died, perhaps, the most happily of all the philosophers: yet he appears to have had doubts hanging upon his mind: and I have thought his ordering the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius (which has so much puzzled his admirers) was an instance of this weakness; he might have a fear that he had been wrong in denying and neglecting the Gods of his country, and be willing to secure his interest with them, as well as to intimate that he considered

death as the cure of all his sufferings—for Æsculapius was the God of healing and of medicine.

Mr. CHRIS. You may be right, THOMAS; and I am glad you begin to entertain so favourable views of Christianity: our friend FIELD gave you the other day a good specimen of the comfort afforded by Christianity in life: and you admit that philosophy has no such full assurance of felicity in death.

THO. I have not forgotten, sir, the lesson I received from our honest friend; nor am I insensible to the advantages of Christianity in death: but, sir, I am confounded and overwhelmed, when I compare the systems of nature and of Christianity together: here I see thousands of brilliant fires, which the little science I have imbibed convinces me are suns of other worlds and systems, innumerable and immense. There I read that the author of this amazing universe, so loved this little planet we inhabit, as not to *spare his only Son*, but to give him a *ransom for our redemption:* and that this SON lived in misery and died in agony to accomplish it. What, sir! The Maker of the Universe beget a Son equal to himself—this Son become a man and die!—How can these things be? Were I ignorant of the system of nature, I think I could believe: but now my reason revolts at the idea. The Lord be merciful to my unbelief!

The sun had now totally withdrawn, the moon was walking in her brightness among the stars; and

night threw back her sable robe and shewed the riches of the skies. The attention of the young folks was fixed upon these sublime objects, from the moment Thomas had hinted that the stars were suns, and they could not help expressing their anxiety, to hear more upon the subject.—At this period, however, a servant announced that supper was ready, and broke up the conversation. After supper Mr. CHRISTIAN read the eighth psalm, in his family devotions; and threw out some oblique hints at his son's objection, which he had privately promised should be fully considered in the morning. When Mr. C. retired to rest, the young people begged they might be indulged for an hour or two with the use of his telescope (which was a pretty good one) and Thomas offering to assist and instruct them, the old gentleman consented.

TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND UNDER DIVINE DESERTIONS.

DEAR SIR,

THE melancholy account which you have given me of the present state of your mind, but too plainly indicates the burden of distress under which you are labouring; and had you written a volume upon the subject, you could not have defined the nature of your complaint more accurately, than when you call it, *the misery of the soul arising from divine desertions.* But in a statement of this kind, it forms an object of the greatest moment, carefully

to distinguish that departure of the Lord, which is the result of his own wise appointment, and is intended to minister to the most gracious purposes; from that which is the sole effect of our corruption, and becomes the just punishment of our sins. In the *one*, it is the momentary absence of a tender Father, who suspends the shinings of his divine countenance, only to make the soul the more sensible of their value, and the more anxiously to wish their return. In the *other*, it is the departure of an angry God, whom by ingratitude and disobedience we have driven from us. Cases so widely distinguished from each other can never be too carefully attended to, in order to form a proper estimate of divine desertions. Indeed I think we cannot so properly call that a *divine* desertion, which is wholly induced by sin, and arises out of *human* depravity: for in this case, both the cause and effect is in man, not in God. When the mists and fogs of indwelling corruption raise a cloud of darkness, it comes between the soul and the Sun of Righteousness, forms an eclipse of the mind, and hides God from our view. *Your iniquities* (says the Prophet) *have separated between you and your God: your sins have hid his face from you.* Such a state, no doubt, is peculiarly afflicting, and enough to awaken the deepest sorrow and humiliation of soul. And indeed, until these effects are induced by the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, no return of the light of the divine countenance can be expected. But in those instances of God's tender dealings with his

people, when the Lord is pleased sometimes to withdraw his face, in order to make the soul more sensible of his favour, and to quicken desires after it; these are what the scripture calls, *forsaking his people for a small moment, that with greater mercies he may gather them*; and are unquestionably among the *all things*, and the *light afflictions of a moment*, which are *working out for all that love God a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*.

I can very plainly perceive, from the general complexion of your mind, that the malady, under which you at present groan, is of this latter kind. And in this persuasion, however strange it may appear to *you*, I confess, I feel, much more disposed to congratulate, than to condole with you upon the occasion. I am most fully convinced that a soul thus exercised, carries with it, in the very discipline, a decisive testimony of the renewed life. It forms, in my apprehension, one of the truest evidences of a real believer's experience: and is what I call the distinguishing feature in the family of God's children. And indeed, not only demonstrates the relationship, but the age also; as we naturally infer that in all the children which are taught of God, those must be furthest advanced in his school, who are educating in some of his highest and most difficult lessons. I know full well, that your mind is at present too much clouded to see the divine intentions of mercy herein so clearly. You are rather disposed to doubt, to cry out with an ancient sufferer, surely *the Lord hath forgotten to be gracious, and will*

he shut up his loving-kindness in displeasure? But such fears do, in a great measure, refute themselves. For, my dear sir, only question your own heart; why is it that you mourn the Lord's *absence*, but because you have before enjoyed the Lord's *presence?* How could you otherwise call it the Lord's *forsaking* you, unless Jesus had been with you before he forsook you? Is it not impossible that a soul could be conscious of the Sun of Righteousness having withdrawn his shining, and hid his face behind a cloud, had it not been that from having lived so long under his kind influence, the light and warmth of his beams are well known, and the chillness of the shade is the more sensibly felt? Do you not see, my dear friend, that your very complaints prove the reverse of what they are intended? Perhaps you will admit this, and then tell me, that this recollection of former happiness, only tends to aggravate your present misery. The Lord is now gone, and you fear gone for ever. But here again it is the same gloom of your mind which obscures vision;—because you *fear* the Lord is gone for ever, you receive in that fear the fullest proof that he is gone but for a season. The very apprehension, and the anxiety you express upon the occasion, are all so many clear and decided testimonies that you are, in the moment you complain, as much under the *influence* of his grace, if not the *light* of his countenance, as when the brightest manifestations are made to the soul. Else whence these sorrows in his absence, these dejections at his depar-

ture, and these longings for his return? Surely the grief of heart, and the anguish of mind, which an affectionate child expresses, during the absence of a beloved father, are as sweet evidences of real love, as the greatest transports of joy manifested in his return. If you still want further evidence, go into the carnal world, or among the unawakened professors of the Gospel—make the experiment among them; and examine whether any such afflictions as you are exercised with, distinguish their religious experience. Alas! they know not what divine desertions mean. Having never known the graciousness of God's *presence*, how shall they know what it is to have mournings for his *absence*? You will hear no expressions of sorrow drop from their lips under the hidings of God's face, because they have never felt the light of his countenance in their hearts. Whereas, among the children of God, *what son is he whom the Father thus chasteneth not?* And will you not receive consolation from such a double testimony, in being unlike those that know *not* God; and having the same uniform experience of those that *do*, which hath characterized his people in every age of the church? How beautiful an instance of this kind is that of the Spouse mourning the absence of the Redeemer, during a dark night of deep and long affliction, which we meet with in the third chapter of the Canticles? Her beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone. *By night on her bed she sought him whom her soul loved. She sought him, but she found him not.* Alarmed and distressed,

she arose and went about *the city in the streets and broad ways thereof, to seek him whom her soul loved. She sought him, but found him not.* Still more awakened and distressed at the repeated disappointment, she now applied to the *watchmen* that went about the city;—*Saw you him* (says she) *whom my soul loveth?* Nothing can be more beautiful in my esteem, than this description of the Church seeking Jesus (and which, by the way, let it be observed, is a lively representation of every awakened believer) under a season of divine desertions. For whether, in the *private* duties of the closet, *communing with the heart* (as David expresses it) *on the bed, and searching out the spirit:* or whether in the *public* ordinances of worship, in the broad ways and streets of the city; or in *personal* conversation with the ministers of the Gospel, who are called the *watchmen* going about the city, and whose office it is to direct seeking souls to Christ: all these, and every one of them, are so many various ways which Christ hath appointed in his church, in the exercise of which all enquiring souls are commanded to seek him. I need not, I am persuaded, desire you to remark how exactly your own case is here represented: neither how closely the same path the church pursued to seek the Redeemer hath been followed up by *you.* But I must very particularly request you to observe what an uniformity there is in the experience of both, in respect to the great object of your affection. You see it was still *him whom her soul loved,* under every enquiry. The rei-

teration of this endeared term in the character of the Redeemer at every question, is uncommonly beautiful, and plainly manifests that her affection was unabated towards him, notwithstanding his departure from her. *All the waters of affliction could not quench that love: neither the floods of temptation drown it.* Now, my dear sir, let your own ideas anticipate what I might say in the same affliction to yourself, and spare me the needless question. Surely every anxiety you have expressed during the Lord's absence from you, becomes the loudest echo to the language of the Church, that Jesus is as much as ever, nay, if possible, more than ever, him whom *your* soul loveth: *the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand.* And what then should prevent you from taking to yourself an assurance of the same happy consequence to your inquiries, which terminated the Church's pursuit. *It was but a little* (she tells us) *that she passed the watchmen before she found him whom her soul loved.* So will the Lord be found of you, of me, of every humble soul who seeks the Saviour in the prescribed ordinances of his grace, when once the sacred purposes for which he sometimes suspends the manifestations of himself, are answered: for never hath he said, in a single instance, to any of the praying, wrestling, seed of Jacob, *seek ye my face in vain.*

But if the uniform experience of all true believers in Christ, in all ages of his Church, afford so much encouragement to the soul during a dark hour of divine desertions, what ought the unequalled ex-

ample of Jesus himself to produce, when in that memorable season on the cross, we contemplate him exercised with the same? Highly mysterious, no doubt, as the subject is, and in some parts surpassing our comprehension, yet in its practical effects, in relation to his faithful people, it contains some of the plainest inferences possible; for it teaches, by an argument the most irresistible and persuasive, that if God forsook his only beloved Son in such a critical time, the very dearest of his people may be forsaken of him too. And if the only Son of his bosom was never dearer to the Father, than in the moment when he uttered that dolorous cry, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!* it will follow by the most undeniable principles, that you may have been never more the object of his tenderest regard, than in those very seasons when mourning and pouring out your soul in prayer, in an apprehension that you have been forsaken of him. This view of Jesus on the cross, opens so extensive a subject of improvement on the occasion for which I write, that it would rather be the employment for a volume than a letter; and, after all, some interesting particular might escape unnoticed. But just suffer me to observe, in relation to your present circumstances, that if Jesus was deserted of his Father for a little space, that desertion was evidently intended, that his people might not be forsaken for ever. He cried out *once*, my brother, that you and I might not *always*. And while through his Holy Spirit enabling, you can do

as Jesus did, and call him, *My* God, *my* God; depend upon it that gracious promise by the Prophet will be fulfilled in your experience, which is held forth to the tried in the fire: *they shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, it is my people, and they shall say, the Lord is my God.* Zech. xiii. 9.

And now what shall I say in addition to the consideration I have proposed, in order to reconcile your mind to the present dispensation of God's Providence, till he sees fit to brighten up the dark cloud hanging over you. Indeed, after bringing before you so illustrious an instance as the Redeemer himself thus exercised, all other arguments must prove nugatory, if this becomes ineffectual. But methinks in the view of Him, all murmuring should cease. Nay, the being forsaken of God for a little space, when sanctified by so bright an example, comes home recommended to our dearest regard as among the highest proofs of his attention. It is what Paul calls *the being predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first born among many brethren.* And when we are thus feelingly made acquainted, not only with the *power of his resurrection, but the fellowship of his sufferings*; what charming evidences are these, collectively considered, in confirmation of the renewed life! Oh! if all mourning believers, such as you are, would in their dark moments constantly keep in view the cross of Jesus, and let that cry he uttered, under a sense of his Father's desertion, sound in their ears; what happy effects would the very trial

leave upon the gracious mind! How great a debt should we not perceive we owe to the Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sakes passed through this trying season in a separation from his Father: and what a mercy of mercies did the Father bestow, in thus manifesting his irreconcileable hatred to sin in the person of his dear and only beloved Son, for us and our Salvation!

Let me earnestly request you, my dear sir, to console your mind with these and the like reflections; and during the pressure, until the hour of deliverance comes, wait still upon the Lord in all the prescribed means of duty. Fly to former experiences as the strongest testimonies of God's present regard; and fear not to apply to yourself that comfortable assurance which the Lord gives to stay up the mind of his desponding people:—*Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.* Above all, *look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is set down at the right-hand of the throne of God.* He who hath felt what a forsaken soul can feel, can best commiserate your situation, and hath promised you relief. And though, as the great Author of Nature, he could not be ignorant what that nature is, nor of the sorrows it sustains, yet to convince us by an evidence still more palpable, he condescended *to take that nature upon him, and was, on all points, like*

as we are, sin only excepted, that having suffered being tempted, he might succour them that are tempted.

I only add a fervent prayer to the God of all Grace, *who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, that after you have suffered awhile, and fulfilled the good pleasure of his will, he will make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle you.* To him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.

CHARLES.

THE OBSERVER.

[No. II.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS you have admitted a former letter of mine into your Publication, I now offer you a few remarks more.

I might easily add many things of a similar nature to those already before your readers, and notice the improprieties of behaviour that too often are seen, when people have taken their seats in our places of worship. Many indulge themselves in the habit of making disturbing noises, which, if they became general in a congregation, would put an entire stop to any kind of attention, and turn our houses of worship into mere scenes of disturbance. And he who contributes his share towards interrupting his brethren, ought to reflect that it is only owing to the better behaviour of others he can be

tolerated. But having written pretty freely on some of the most glaring improprieties in the house of God, I shall pass over others with the old adage, "a word to the wise is enough;" and I have ever observed, that those who will not take hints, are seldom bettered by formal reproofs.

Every society of Christians that wishes to keep up the spirit of religion, will sometimes meet for the purpose of social prayer; and the advantage of such meetings, when properly conducted, is certainly great. Yet I have observed many things that have hurt them, which I earnestly wish could be removed. In the first place, it often happens that those, who in point of abilities are best fitted to keep up such meetings to advantage, are disinclined to attend. Thus that means, which above all others tends to unite brethren together, is not properly tried. One pleads his business, another his various engagements of other kinds, and except a few (and those often of the poor) and the minister, the rest join with one consent, and say, "I pray thee have me excused."

Timidity, perhaps, keeps some back; they fear they shall be asked to take a part, and the idea of addressing the Best of Beings in the presence even of a select few of their friends, appears so formidable, that they had rather forego advantages they acknowledge to be considerable, than enjoy them at the expence of now and then contributing their assistance. Now this is very wrong: the habit of addressing God in the name of others will improve;

every one found it difficult at first, and no one has persisted in it, but knows that time and steadiness will do a great deal more than at first was apprehended. And who ought to be discouraged from a *good work*, because a few difficulties are to be encountered at the beginning? Can we reasonably wish to enjoy the advantages of social prayer, and not be willing to contribute our share?

Some of those who are willing to take a part in these meetings are sometimes a little too forward, and hence their conduct is supposed to arise from vanity, and when this is suspected, their utility to their brethren is destroyed; and some may absent themselves on this account, but certainly the better way would be to attend, and not to refuse going to prayer, when requested, and then the forward people would naturally fall back to their proper places, the complaint cease, and the meetings become more respectable; for those of the best abilities would in general be preferred.

This is also the proper cure for another evil, which is the odd language and disagreeable manner of some good men in their prayers. It is impossible to say, "Brother A——— it would be well if you would avoid that disagreeable twang into which you often fall." Or "Brother B——— could you not lay aside some of your favourite expressions? really they are neither grammar nor sense." The point is too delicate, but every one who at all knows what words mean, must feel very unpleasant, when good men make themselves ridi-

culous by trying to say fine things, especially to their God.——The language of prayer cannot be too plain and simple. The most affecting eloquence is the effusion of the heart. And if these social meetings were principally filled up by those who had just views of prayer, and who set a good example, the rest would insensibly imitate them, they would acquire a taste from their proper language, and would be improved, though perhaps they knew not how.

I have another observation to make, which applies more generally than the preceding. It relates to what I may call *personalities* in prayer. When any thing particular has happened—when thanks are returned for recovery from sickness—for an addition to a family, or when a minister is present whom the person engaged in prayer thinks proper to notice, there is often such a long round-about story made of it, as renders it irksome, not to say distressing, to those who hear it. I am not against those things being noticed, no; but let them be noticed handsomely. Where they are glanced at rather than expressly brought forward, only so as to be generally understood, more devotion will be excited, and more pleasure universally felt, than by the greatest parade that can be used. And the evil is still greater, when, in smaller circles, almost every one present is regularly referred to. I have often been put to pain on these accounts, by those whose piety I have held in the highest estimation.

These things cannot be made the subjects of con-

how sovereign is the grace of God, that thus produceth good from evil, and over-rules all events for the glory of his own perfections!

CHILD. Let us then close our amicable altercation! and pay our united hallelujahs at the footstool of the throne!

GOOD NEWS TO ISRAEL;

OR,

LETTERS TO THE JEWS.

[No. III.]

CHILDREN of Abraham, we come now to consider the famous prophecy of Jacob concerning the Messiah, under the name of SHILOH, in which he expressly predicted his appearance before the destruction of the Jewish nation and government; which must either have been fulfilled in Jesus, or cannot be fulfilled at all.

Gen. xlix. 10. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until SHILOH come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be.

This text is not expressly applied to the Messiah in the New Testament; but that it refers to him we have the almost unanimous consent of all interpreters, Jewish as well as Christian, and particularly of all the Targums.

I am not ignorant, indeed, that your modern doctors seek to render the passage somewhat differently, in order to avoid our inference, that Messiah is already come. Mr. LEVI in particular, divides the compound particle עד־כי *until*, and renders it by two words: 'The sceptre shall not depart, &c. *for ever*, *because* SHILOH [i. e. Messiah] 'shall come.' But against this we appeal to your own *Targums* and doctors: Thus ONKELOS—'He that hath dominion shall not be taken away .... *until* Messiah come.' The Jerusalem Targum, 'Kings shall not cease .... *until* Messiah come.'—Jonathan, D. Kimchi, Aben Ezra, and Sol. Jarchi, concur to the same meaning *.

Admitting that עד *gnad*, may sometimes signify for-ever; when connected with כי *ki*, it certainly signifies *until*, *until that*, or *until when*, (εως εαν lxx.) See Gen. xxvi. 13.—xli. 49.—2 Sam. xxiii. 10. —2 Chron. xxvi. 15.

So that this text is a decisive passage in favour of the Messiahship of Jesus, which cannot be evaded without the most unwarrantable liberties with the

* The Talmudists admit, that "Judgments of blood," or the power of life and death, was taken from Israel; and Dr. *Allix* says, that Raymandus Martini, in the close of the 13th century, quotes one *R. Rachmon*, who says that when that happened, the Jews "put on sack-cloth and pulled off their hair, and said woe unto us, *the sceptre is departed* from Israel, and yet Messias is not come."

Allix Judg. of Jew. Church, p. 49.

sacred text, and flying in the face of the most ancient and respectable authorities.

3. We come now to MOSES, who predicted the succession of another prophet, like and equal to himself.

Deut. xviii. 15, &c. The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken.

John vii. 14. Many of the people said—of a truth this is the prophet.

Acts iii. 22—6. Moses truly said unto the fathers, a prophet shall the Lord your God raise up, &c.—Unto you, God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you.

See also ch. vii. 37, &c.

That this prediction of Moses referred not to Joshua, or any other of the early prophets, is clear; because it is expressly said, Deut. xxx. 10—12. "There arose not a prophet since in Israel, like unto Moses." This appears in two respects, his intimate converse with Deity, and his miracles; but both these apply eminently to Jesus, who came from 'the bosom of the Father,' who saw his face without a veil, and whose miracles many of your nation witnessed. "Ye men of Israel, hear these words, Jesus of Nazareth, [was] a man approved of God among you, by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as you yourselves also know." Acts ii. 22. Among

the several respects in which Jesus resembled Moses *, beside these two, the most important is, that each was, under God, the author of a new and improved dispensation of religion.

Many of your own Rabbins (as R. Joses, R. Akiba, &c. †) apply this prophecy also to the Messiah, and call him both RABBI and TEACHER of the law; as one of your rulers once said to Jesus: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher sent from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.' John iii. 2.

It is very trifling to object, as some of you do, that Jesus spake in his own name, and not in God's, since it only shews his authority to be superior to the other prophets, which you cannot deny of the Messiah, and he constantly declared his words were not his alone, but the Father's who had sent him. See John viii. 28, 29.

That you may feel the force, and experience the life-giving power of these words, is the sincere prayer of

PHILO.

* See *Newton*'s Dissertations on the Prophecies. Dis. vi.

† See *Paul Burgen*'s Scrutin. Scriptuarum, viii. 4.

THE VALUE OF SALVATION.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.—Ep. ii. 8.

IT is (I think) certain, that we esteem every thing in proportion as it appears to us necessary or suitable. A physician offered to the healthy, and a pardon to the unaccused, would naturally be rejected. Nor does it make any difference in our non-estimation of a thing, whether it really be, or only appear to be, unnecessary and unsuitable. Thus the lunatic, who imagines his chains ensigns of royalty, and the delirious person, who supposes himself in perfect health, will as much contemn enlargement and medicine, as if they really were what they imagine themselves to be.

These remarks at once point out the cause why CHRIST, and his salvation, are so lightly esteemed: namely, because men are ignorant of their own need, and CHRIST's suitableness. The same reason our LORD himself gives, why publicans and sinners esteemed him more than the Pharisees. "The whole (says he) need not the physician; but they that are sick." There are two remarkable illustrations of this to be borrowed from the sacred writings.

The first is the parable of the prodigal son, who, whilst in the scenes of luxury and debauchery, saw no need of assistance from his father, nor set any store by the bread of his father's house; but when he came to himself (i. e. was recovered from that stu-

por and delirium into which his wickedness had brought him) then both were valued and both were sought.

The other is from Paul's case. While a Pharisee, and (as himself expresses it) "alive without the law," he valued nothing less than JESUS and his salvation; but no sooner is he convinced of the necessity and suitableness of them, than he determines to know nothing else.

May not a third happy instance be found in our own experience? Surely there was a time, when being ignorant of the excellencies of divine things, we had no relish for them. But if we, "who were once darkness, are now light in the LORD," we shall readily confess that grace has saved us: and in proportion as we learn more of GOD and religion, our affections will be more engaged toward them. Happy, thrice happy, will that state be, where a complete knowledge of these objects will perfect our love toward our gracious benefactor, and crown us with everlasting joy and blessedness.

INGENNUUS.

ON PROVIDENCE.

THAT there is a Providence, or that God preserves and governs all his creatures and all their actions,' is a doctrine as evident and certain, as it is comfortable and pleasing.

The scripture furnishes the most unequivocal assertions of it, and it is the ground of several

important doctrines, precepts, and exhortations. The once haughty Nebuchadnezzar, by an awful circumstance in this providence, was brought to acknowledge 'the Most High, and praised him 'that liveth for ever and ever; whose dominion is 'an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom from 'generation to generation:' who 'doth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can ſtay his hand *.' 'In him (ſaith Paul) we live, and move, and have our being †;' and our Lord has assured his disciples, not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father, and that the hairs of our heads are numbered ‡.

The voice of nature, though less authoritative, is not less unequivocal, than the language of scripture. The regular course of nature, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the revolutions of our own system in particular, very demonſtratively prove the powerful, though secret direction of the Creator—the constant change of seasons, and the successive variations of day and night—the wonderful sagacity of creatures, in providing for their convenience, food, and the preservation of their young—the conservation of the world, and every species of its inhabitants, so nearly in their original proportion; notwithſtanding the various accidents of nature, earthquakes, storms, and tempeſts; notwithstanding the voracious dispositions of some animals, lions, tygers, whales, and sharks, and the jarring

* Dan. iv. 34, 5. † Acts xvii. 28. ‡ Mat. x. 29, 30.

dispositions and interests of mankind—the ravages of an Alexander—the cruelty of a Nero, or the impious zeal of a St. Dominic.—These, I say, and a thousand other arguments, may be drawn from reason and observation to confirm the doctrine.

It has, indeed, been a matter of some dispute among divines, whether a *general* or *particular* Providence be best adapted to the honour of the divine perfections, or the good of the creatures. In different respects, however, I apprehend the Providence of God may be said to be both general and particular. *General* in respect to its universal extent to all the creatures and all their actions; *general* in the constitution of its laws, which regulate the movements of nature, and direct the affairs of angels and men.—*Particular* in applying to the concerns of every individual in the universe, as well as in an especial care for the interests and happiness of good men.

It has, indeed, been asserted by some zealous defenders of human liberty, that, in order to avoid infringing the free agency of rational creatures, the Deity acts as exigencies may require, rather than according to any pre-concerted plan. To this notion there are, I think, many important objections, and it is no small one, that this scheme seems to make the Deity dependent on his creatures, rather than the creatures on God; which is contrary to the common sense of mankind, and the express assertions of scripture, which teach us that he 'worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.'

Instead, however, of entering into these abstruse matters, it may be more to our purpose to observe what solid comfort good men may derive from this doctrine.

Wise princes and nations are anxious to have prudent men and able counsellors at the head of their affairs; but the meanest Christian has infinite wisdom exerted for his direction. And while his little bark is tossed on this world's tempestuous sea, his Redeemer sitting at the helm, he may view the storm with composure, and smile at the threatening dangers. It is not, indeed, always easy to do so; but the difficulty lies not in the nature of the thing, but arises from our want of faith and confidence in the divine promises.

But the most comfortable reflection which this subject affords (and it is infinitely comfortable) is that of the apostle Paul, that 'all things work together for good to them who love God:' or, in other words, that all the events of Providence, however adverse, however painful, are so disposed, as to be advantageous to every child of God even here, 'and work out for him an infinitely great 'and eternal weight of glory hereafter.'

REFLECTOR.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH

OF

FREDERICK THE WISE, ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

WHEN Luther wrote to this prince to encourage him in the open profession of the Gospel, he boldly promised to afford him more protection than he should receive from him. Frederick protected Luther's person from the rage of his enemies; but Luther has embalmed the memory of Frederick, and he is far better known as the friend of Luther, than as a German prince.

FREDERICK *the Wise* (as he is commonly distinguished) was born in 1479 or 80, and was lineally descended from *Frederick the Warlike*, honoured with the electoral dignity by the Emperor Sigismund, in 1422, on the extinction of the Ascanian line. The protector of Luther was the founder of the Wirtemberg university, where Luther, then an Augustine friar, was one of the original professors. About the time of his first attracting public notice, this prince dreamed that he saw a friar writing with a pen, the length and extremity of which reached to the Papal throne, and made his mitre totter, though carefully supported by his prelates. Whatever vanity there may be in dreams in general, there was truth in this. The event forms a distinguished æra in history—that of the *reformation.*

After Luther's conference with cardinal *Cajetan*, the Roman church universally esteemed him to be

an heretic; and the cardinal very piously wrote to his electoral highness, to give him up into their holy hands, and not to stain the glory of the electoral family, by affording his protection to such 'an arch profligate heretic, who had insolently 'written against the doctrine of the established 'church, and the infallibility of the Roman pontiff.' The Elector replied, 'That Luther came to Augs-'burg to apologize for his doctrine before the Em-'peror and the whole diet, but was not permitted 'to plead for himself; and that it seemed very 'strange to desire him to recant, without granting 'him a fair trial: that he knew many learned and 'good men, who were far from condemning the 'doctrine of Martin Luther; and that if his errors 'had been made to appear; he had so great a re-'gard to the holy scriptures, the glory of God, and 'the peace of his own mind, that he would have 'long ago punished him, as it became a Christian 'magistrate: but as he would not willingly ap-'prove any error in doctrine, so he would not con-'demn Luther, before they had proved his tenets 'to be erroneous, and publicly, as it became good 'Christians, detected his crimes.'

In 1521 Charles V. convened a diet at Worms, and the pious Frederick entreated his Imperial majesty 'to regard with an eye of mercy, the cruel 'slavery that both princes and their people un-'derwent, when they lived under the heavy yoke 'of Popery; and requested that Martin Luther 'might be allowed publicly to plead his cause be-

'fore the Imperial throne, the electors and princes 'of the empire.' This was granted, and the result is known. When Luther was dismissed, the wise Frederick, to save him from his enemies, made him a willing and a happy prisoner in Wartburg castle, where he continued writing and publishing his works for nine months, till the rage of his enemies in some degree subsided, or was diverted to other objects.

This excellent prince died in the year 1521, soon after the above diet: leaving the electorate to his brother John, who persevered in the protection of Luther and the Reformation.

Frederick left behind him a character marked by wisdom, piety, and goodness, though sometimes censured by Luther for the want of fortitude. It is said, that in 1519 some of the electors offered him the Imperial throne, but he had the greatness of mind to decline it, and voted for Charles V. of Spain, causing an instrument to be drawn up, under the name of the *capitulation*, for the preservation of the Germanic constitution, to which Charles solemnly subscribed and swore, though, as usual, he paid very little regard to it afterward.

THE

SPIRITUAL BEE.

[No. V.]

HINDOO SCRIPTURES.

THERE are many passages in the Hindoo scriptures which contain sentiments very sublime and congenial to those of the Christian Revelation.

In the dialogues of CHREESHNA, and Arjoon, the former, which represents divinity incarnate, says thus: 'I am the *beginning*, the middle, and the 'end of all things: I am time; I am all grasping 'death, and I am the *resurrection*. I am the 'mystic figure OM! I am generation and dissolu-'tion.'

The *Bhagavat* (a famous Hindoo sacred poem) contains the following parallel passage, as translated by Sir *W. Jones*: 'Even I was even at the first, not any other thing; that which exists unperceived, supreme: afterwards, *I am that which is*, and he who must remain am I.'

The mystic word OM, above alluded to, is composed of the names of Brahma, Veeshnu and Seeva, the Hindoo Trinity, and thus coalesced, signifies the SUN, or solar fire, the great object of Asiatic idolatry.

PSALM LXVIII. 13. ILLUSTRATED.

[*From Mr. Harmer.*]

"Though ye have lien among the pots [yet shall ye be
"as] the wings of a dove covered with silver, and
"her feathers with yellow gold."

"Sometimes, those that have no tents, shelter themselves from the inclemency of the night-air in *holes* and *caverns*, which they find in their rocky hills, where they can kindle fires to warm themselves as well as to dress their provisions; to which may be added, that doves also, in those countries, frequently haunt such places, as well as some other birds.

"Dr. R. Chandler, in his travels in Asia Minor, has both taken notice of the doves there lodging in holes of the rocks; and of the shepherds and fishermen being wont to make use of such retreats, and of their kindling fires in them, by which practice those doves must be frequently very much *smutted*, and made not a little *filthy*. . . . . .

"It is certain the people of Israel are compared to a *dove* in the book of Psalms. See Ps. lxxiv. 19. and the same image appears to have been made use of in this 68th Psalm. If [so] it was not unnatural to compare Israel, who had been in a very afflicted state in Egypt, to a dove making its abode in the hollow of a rock, which had been smutted by the fires of shepherds, made in it for the heating of their milk, or other culinary purposes, which led them to make such little heaps of stones, on which they might set their pots, having an hollow under

them, in which they put the fuel according to the eastern mode, ... and which little buildings are meant by the word here translated *pots*. . . . . So the sense will be something like this: "O my "people! though ye have been like a dove in the "hole of a rock, that hath been blackened by the "fires of shepherds for the boiling of their pots; "yet, on this joyous occasion, did you appear as "the most beautiful of that species, whose wings "are like silver; and the more muscular parts from "whence the strength of the wings is derived, like "the splendour of gold."

Though pigeons are commonly blue (or ash-coloured) in the East (as with us) yet there were some, even anciently, that were more beautiful; witness *Tibullus* [who mentions]

——————"The *milkwhite* dove
"In Syria *sacred*."——————

"The *gold-colour*, mentioned in the text, Mr. H. supposes to refer to some ornaments of gold with which the Syrians (among whom the dove was consecrated to Astarté) adorned their sacred doves. Of this, however, he has no direct proof, but infers its probability from the manner in which they used to decorate their sacred fishes, of which he gives several instances.

[*Harmer's Observ. Vol. III. No.* 17.]

I confess that upon a review of these observations, I am much inclined to refer the silver, as

well as the gold-colour, not to the feathers, but to the ornaments of the dove, because it is said that they are covered נחפה the same word which is applied to overlaying the temple with beaten gold. 2 Chron. iii. 5, 7, 8.—Some expositors suppose this may refer to the history in 2 Sam. x. and 1 Chron. xix. and that the two armies of the Syrians might be distinguished by doves (the emblem of Syria) embroidered on their standard, the one in silver, and the other in gold. YOD.

ANECDOTES.

PAULINUS, Bp. of Nola, having spent his whole estate in redeeming Christian captives; at last pledged himself to redeem the son of a poor widow; but the barbarians were so moved with his benevolence, that they sent him back, and released several captives to accompany him.

THE Rev. DANIEL ROGERS, in the last century, is characterized as a man of great parts, great grace, and great infirmities. One of his contemporaries would often say, 'Brother Rogers has grace enough for two men, and not half enough for himself.' He used to accuse himself of cowardice and want of fortitude in the cause of God. In the last year of his life he threw himself on the bed in great agony, with this expression to a person present—'Cousin, 'I would change with the meanest Christian in Whetherfield, that hath but soundness of Grace.'

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

[No. V.]

A REFLECTION ON DEATH.

——————Man but dives to death,
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise—
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.

YOUNG.

Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost:
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace!

IBID.

WHAT art thou, King of Terrors? round whose throne
(Curtain'd with sable darkness, tangible)
Infernal fiends, and hideous spectres hover
Waiting, with greedy joy, the solemn hour
So bear the irrevocable decree
(Heav'n's awful mandate) to the sinking hearts
Of mortals, prey to diseases multiform,
Or whelm'd in sudden and unthought of ruin;
Permitted from on high for wiser purpose
Than man's frail finite reason e'er can scan.—
What art thou that canst thus unman the heart,
Relax the sinews, stop the beating pulse,
And freeze, like gelid ice, life's crimson tide?
The active springs of health, th' elastic nerves,
All tremulous with sympathetic fear,

Shrink like the plant *Mimosa* *, to avoid
Thy hated touch.—Whence sprung this awful pow'r?
This mortal weakness—this mysterious dread?
Alas! it sprung from Adam's lapsing deed;
His rash rejection of that sov'reign law
His wise Creator tenderly impos'd
To prove his love, obedience, gratitude,
To him who gave him being, life, and bliss.
Rebellion gender'd sin, and from that source
Of hellish poison all these terrors rose;
More dreadful than the spawn of fruitful Nile,
Or hissing monsters bred on Lybian sands.
Thus Adam lost immortal joy and peace,
And felt, too late, his bitter, abject state:
A paradise rejected; and for what?
Ideal bliss, imaginary good!
Estrang'd from God, and left awhile to mourn
His loss immense! God's cheering Spirit hid!
Till glimmering hope in a Redeemer rose,
To conquer sin, immortal joys regain,
And, like the day-star from on high, expel
This heartfelt darkness, this primeval curse.
Since death inimical to human peace,
Array'd in gorgon horror frights the soul;
Whose mortal venom stops the springs of life,
While kindred flesh, all trembling, stands appall'd;
How shall we 'scape the dreadful sting? Alas!
Humanity exerts its skill in vain
By ev'ry art t' evade the fatal wound.

* The Sensitive plant.

No mortal wisdom can resist the blow;
Reeking with human blood the feather'd shaft,
True to its mark, rives ope the stoutest heart,
And levels to the dust its destin'd prey.
In pleasure's flow'ry paths death lurks unseen;
And, like a wiley serpent, lies convolv'd,
Ready to spring upon its thoughtless prey.
In ev'ry element death's power exists:
Air, earth, and water, hold our deadliest bane,
And like base treacherous friends betray their trust,
Incautiously bestow'd. Then let us seek
Our happiness in joys immortal, far beyond
This narrow circle, this sublunar spot,
The seat of mere imaginary joys,
Where casual pleasures often end in pain.
All human consolations are but wind,
And leave the soul unsatisfied; for nought
But food immortal can her strength sustain.
Soon must thou quit, my soul, this chequer'd life,
And wing thy eager way to other skies:
Then wisely strike a balance with this earth,
Dissolve all future commerce with her wiles,
Her soft allurements, her destructive schemes,
That bind the free-born soul in abject fetters;
Corrupt her taste, and cloud her dearest hopes.
Those joys that no satiety can know,
A bright inheritance, rejected, scorn'd;
For sordid pottage * ! pleasure of a day!
Weigh'd in a balance with eternity!

* Gen. xxv. 30—33.

JESUS! IMMANUEL waits! his Spirit sends
To strengthen sinking faith, to conquer sin,
To fit thy wings to winnow purer air,
And seek those realms of solid comfort, where
Pleasure's fair roses bear no pointed thorns;
Where no alloy shall interrupt our bliss,
That flows in streams of rapture through the soul,
From the clear river of eternal life.
Up, sluggish soul, thy pow'rs awake! arise
From deadly sleep, ere it be yet too late;
Shake off this *Dalilah**, this love of earth,
This dang'rous *lap* of sensual appetite.
Spurn this dull spot, and joyful mount to heav'n,
Centre of bliss! thy happy, happy home!

W. A. WILLIS, M. D.

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN GREAT DISTRESS OF MIND.

WHY is your heart so full of grief?
What! cannot JESUS give relief,
And ease your troubled mind?
'O yes! (methinks I hear you say)
'If I had but an heart to pray,
'I soon should comfort find:'

'But now, alas! I cannot pray;
'Can only just look up, and say,
'Quicken my stupid heart!
'O make me what thou'dst have me be,
'I wou'd not live so far from thee—
'From thee no more depart.'

* Judges xvi.

JEHOVAH hears when thus you groan ;
And when to him you make your moan,
He knows your ev'ry sigh :
Though long his mercy seems to stay,
He wont forsake—he may delay—
Your faith and patience try.

Acknowledge then his tender love ;
You soon will meet your Lord above,
Beyond the reach of fear :
May JESUS' smiles attend your days,
And all your future life be praise,
Until you're landed there !

And when your spirit takes its flight
To yonder realms of life and light,
And at the throne you bow ;
Then you'll adore his lovely face,
And doubt no more the pow'r of Grace,
Tho' all is darkness now.

As stately ships with crowded sail,
That run before a pleasing gale,
O may you enter in !
Triumphant may you ride along,
Whilst I slide in among the throng,
And bid adieu to sin.

LYDIA.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdoms, when he died,
With his expiring breath.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broken at his Cross's foot,
Death's tyrant sceptre lies.

Exalted on the throne supreme,
And Lord of all below,
Through him doth love pard'ning descend,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd by thee to die,
That I may with thee live.

B.

BRITISH
17 AP 90
MUSEUM

CALVIN TAKING LEAVE OF THE SENATE AT GENEVA.

Published by W. Button, Paternoster Row.

CALVIN TAKING LEAVE OF THE SENATE OF GENEVA.

[With an elegant Plate.]

JOHN CALVIN is equally known as the reformer of Geneva, and as the advocate of the doctrines of Grace. Beside his labours in the pulpit, in the senate, and in the study, in composing his learned and voluminous commentaries, and other works, he corresponded with the reformers of the age in most other countries, and was, in a manner, the eye and the heart of the reformation; especially after the death of Luther.

On the 6th of February, 1564, Calvin preached his last sermon. He was faint, thin, and consumptive. For ten years together he abstained from dinners, to avoid the head-ach, to which he was very subject. In the latter part of his life he was successively tortured with the gout, the cholic, the stone, and other painful disorders. Notwithstanding which he never uttered a word unbecoming the Christian or the divine: only lifting up his eyes to heaven, he used to say, 'How long Lord?' which was also his usual expression when he heard of the calamities of the church, for which he felt, no less than for his own afflictions.

On the 27th of March, he was carried in his chair to the senate of [Geneva,] when he presented to them a new rector for the school; then uncovered his head, and thanked them for all their

favours, and particularly for their great care of him in his sickness: 'For I perceive (said he) this 'is the last time I shall come into this place.' His voice failed as he spoke, and the assembly took leave of him in tears.

Calvin died on the 27th of May following, aged 55. He was not a perfect character: for we have only one such in the history of the church; but his enemies allow him the praise of great abilities and many virtues. BAYLE says 'he was a man on 'whom God had conferred the most eminent ta- 'lents; a great wit, a sound judgment, and a hap- 'py memory: he was a judicious, eloquent, and 'indefatigable writer; and had very extensive 'learning, and great zeal for truth.' Even SCALIGER calls him 'a great man,' and asserts, that none of the ancients are to be compared with him for knowledge of the scriptures.

EVANGELICAL PHILOSOPHY.

[No. VI.]

OUR last paper left Mr. THOMAS CHRISTIAN entertaining his sisters with a view of the visible heavens in the *teleſcope*. He first shewed them the moon, with the appearance of high mountains, deep vallies, and considerable oceans: and added Mr. Herschell's discovery of volcanoes, or burning mountains, in this satellite. He explained to them the various phases of the moon, with the causes of

eclipses and of tides, according to the Newtonian philosophy.—He gave them a peep at Jupiter and his moons; and argued, from their apparent similarity to our earth, that these, and the other planets, are probably inhabited. He then turned their attention among the thickest of the stars, and shewed them some of the glories of the *galaxy*, or *milky way*, which is composed of innumerable clusters of stars; and repeated the hint he had given them in the arbour, that all these were, probably, suns surrounded with other planets.

The young ladies were full of admiration and enquiry; but the lateness of the night, or, rather, the hasty advance of morning, admonished them to retire to rest; which they did, so full of the subject, that some of their fancies sported in dreams of other suns and worlds, and systems, in their sleep.

In the morning they all met at breakfast, Mercy, Lydia, and Theodosia, with Thomas and his brother George, (who was a year or two older, and chiefly employed himself in rural occupations) together with their father, Mr. Christian. LYDIA renewed the subject with a question to her brother THOMAS. 'Brother,' said she, 'pray what sort of inhabitants do you furnish the moon and planets with?—Are there really men in the moon, as well as upon earth? And what sort of creatures do you suppose could bear the heat of Mercury, or the cold of Saturn?—not to say of the Georgium Sidus?

THOMAS. Truly, sister, as I was never there, nor able to see any of the inhabitants through my glasses, I cannot gratify your curiosity: but I can easily believe, that he who made the planets is able to accommodate them with suitable inhabitants. And as there is an infinite variety of animate and inanimate creatures, so, it is probable, there may be of intelligences: for it does not appear to me likely, that he who has furnished every plant, and and almost every leaf, with a colony of inhabitants, should leave such prodigious globes as Jupiter and Saturn, for instance, uninhabited: or that all the created intelligence in the universe should be confined to our little ball. Beside, it is agreed that one grand end, at least, of creation, is the glory of the Creator; and how can this be so well advanced as in the formation of creatures capable of praising him?

LYDIA. Your reasoning seems plausible, and I could, perhaps, be willing to commute with you on this subject, and allow inhabitants to Jupiter and the Moon; but I cannot think of admitting, for a moment, your extravagant conjecture that the stars are suns, and surrounded by innumerable planets.

THOMAS. Pray, sister, what do you suppose them to be?

LYDIA. Suppose them to be?—I cannot tell.

THEODOSIA. [The youngest sister.] I suppose them to be lamps of fire, to give light at night, when the Moon does not shine.

THOMAS. Very well supposed for a child; but Lydia knows better; you cannot suppose, sister, those stars are intended to light us, which are only visible with glasses.

LYDIA. No, surely: but the notion of their being suns gives such an idea of immensity as quite confuses and overpowers me.

THOMAS. So will every part of nature, as you come to look philosophically into it. You remember what you saw in the microscope; those objects confused and astonished you, and yet you could not deny their existence. In fact, we live surrounded with wonders and incomprehensibles, and every thing relative to God is truly such.

LYDIA. But do you suppose there subsits any thing like order and system among the stars?

THOMAS. Most unquestionably. Every part of creation we know is formed in this manner; and we have every reason to suppose so of the rest. For instance, the bowels of the earth are formed of regular strata; so the animals, vegetables, and fossils, are all classed in systems by our naturalists; and there is an evident regularity and gradation between the different species, which are made dependant upon one another, so as to form one complete system on the whole: and we know not that any part could be substracted from it without spoiling its beauty, and disfiguring it by an hiatus.—The various globes, with their secondary planets revolving round our sun, form the solar system. Other stars, with their revolving planets, may form other sys-

tems, and these systems, with all their complicated motions, I doubt not, form one complete system of the universe. This is an idea vastly too great indeed for human comprehension, but highly honourable to Deity.

Mr. GEORGE CHRISTIAN. These are mighty pretty ideas, Thomas; but I fear they are the fabrication of philosophic brains. For my part I confine my faith to my Bible, and I read of but three worlds there, heaven, earth, and hell; but neither of these, as I suppose, are either sun, moon, or stars.

THOMAS. True, brother, and this leads me to question the truth of your revelation, since its contents fall so far short of those sublime discoveries we read in the volume of nature and the creation.

Here Mr. CHRISTIAN, senior, interposed. Thomas (said he) I admire the grandeur of your thoughts, and even admit their probability; not, however in opposition to the scriptures, for I would give up many fine ideas rather than give up my Bible. This sacred book purposes an object of infinitely more importance than your philosophy; I mean the salvation of our souls. I believe, however, that revelation is friendly to all the discoveries of nature. For instance, it elevates our thoughts far above this terrestial sphere; it exalts the Deity infinitely above the creatures. Sometimes it seats the Most High on the orbit of the earth (which

Isaiah calls, in popular language, its circle)*; and then he views the inhabitants thereof as grasshoppers: at another time he weighs the hills in balances, and takes up the isles as a very little thing†. When his throne is set for judgment, the starry heavens form a pavement beneath his feet, and his face is concealed in glory insupportable to the eyes of seraphim, who veil their faces in their wings‡.

THO. These must be allowed striking instances of the sublime in poetic composition; and, I must confess, throw all the pompous descriptions of Homer in the shade. But do you recollect, sir, any thing like the supposition I have been stating, that other worlds have their inhabitants as well as ours?

Mr. CHR. I think I do, Thomas. The dominion of Jehovah is represented as extending to other worlds beside this. He hath armies in heaven, innumerable and immense§; and why may not these include those celestial inhabitants? It is true, they are said to be in heaven; and so are all the planetary worlds. Are there not many mansions in our Father's house‖? And what is heaven, but the brightness of his glory, and the full discovery of his favour to a perfect being? Or what is hell, but a state in which sinners are deprived of his presence, and filled with a sense of his righteous indignation? In short, the heaven of scripture is not so much a *place* as a *state*; and the happiness of a

* Isa. xl. 22. † Ver. 12, &c. ‡ Chap. vi.
§ Dan. iv. 35. ‖ John xiv. 2.

future state may, possibly, not so properly consist in the confinement to one beatific spot, as in being made free, if I may so express it, of the boundless creation of God. But there is one passage which I have often supposed to bear a particular respect to the inhabitants of other worlds; I mean, where it is said, at the creation of our world, 'The morning 'stars sang together, and all the sons of God shout-'ed with joy *:'—May we not suppose that at this period it might please God to communicate to those morning stars, to the inhabitants of other systems, the information that he had now formed a new world, or rather system of worlds, (for we are evidently contemporary with the whole solar system) in which he intended peculiarly to display his glory, perhaps even with some intimation of the scheme of redemption? And would not this induce all the 'sons of God' in those higher spheres, to 'shout for joy?'

THO. Now, sir, you come home to my last night's objection, and will, I hope, permit me to renew it. For the doctrine of redemption appears to me as wonderful, to the full, as it must have done to those 'sons of God' you speak of. In short, it confounds my faith, and I find this as difficult to believe as my sister Lydia does that the stars are suns, and the planets inhabited.

Mr. CHR. But it is far more certain, Thomas, and rests on incomparably better evidence.

* Job xxxviii. 7.

THO. To be sure, sir, if we admit the evidence we must allow the fact; but can *any* evidence be sufficient to support a fact so incredible—not to say impossible?

Mr. CHR. I am glad you do not say impossible: but in what view does the Christian system appear to you incredible?

THO. In every view, sir. It is incredible that God, who is so high, should stoop so low—that he who is so good should be so severe and angry at sin, as to demand such a satisfaction;—and, more than all, that he should yet be so merciful as to give his own Son to ransom creatures so very unworthy of his goodness.

Mr. CHR. I would observe, in the first place, Thomas, that you state this doctrine nearly in the same light as the scriptures represent it, and we receive it; that is, as superlatively wonderful, and utterly incomprehensible; and here you ground your objection. But have you forgot that you just now allowed no force to the same objection, when urged by your sister against your favourite hypothesis of a plurality of worlds? Then you told us every thing in nature was full of wonders; and utterly beyond human comprehension. Now then so far the doctrine of redemption agrees with nature and natural religion.

THO. But I know of nothing in nature analogous to the representation which the scripture gives of God's extreme anger at sin, and his excessive love to man.

Mr. CHR. Perhaps you confuse yourself in the use of terms, Thomas. Do you not believe that God hates sin, and loves mankind?

THO. Certainly.

Mr. CHR. Do not these affections arise from his necessary holiness and goodness?

THO. I have no doubt of it.

Mr. CHR. Are not all the perfections of God infinite like himself?

THO. Unquestionably.

Mr. CHR. Does the Bible represent the love, or mercy, or justice, or holiness of God, as *more* than infinite?

THO. That is impossible.

Mr. CHRIS. Then scripture does not, cannot exaggerate on these subjects, or represent either the justice or mercy of God as more than it really is.

THO. But then it gives such an extraordinary and incredible display of it, in the death of the Son of God, whom you believe to be equal, and, in short, another person in the same Godhead. Now, shall I suppose that the God who made the whole universe, died to save only one of the most inconsiderable planets!

Mr. CHR. If you understand us to mean that the DEITY suffered and died, you quite mistake us; it was *humanity only* that suffered and atoned, though the merit of the atonement arose from the union of the man Jesus with divinity. God, in his being and perfections, is and must eternally be

the same: but he can veil his glory if he please; he can suspend the brightness of his appearance, and wear a human form without degrading his divinity. This is the mystery we assert, and in which we glory.

THO. But, dear sir, do you not find a magnitude in this mystery which renders it incredible?

Mr. CHR. You say every thing relative to God is truly wonderful and incomprehensible: this, therefore, ought to be no objection with you. The more we elevate our thoughts to contemplate the works and ways of God, the nearer we approach them; yet we are but like eagles flying to the sun: at our nearest approach the distance is immense and incalculable. I therefore consider the wonderful, or as you call them, the *incredible* ideas which scripture gives us of the love of God, as a mark of its credibility. Human conceptions would assimulate the attributes of God to ours, and paint the Deity like ourselves, as did the heathen poets. But in the Christian revelation, and in that alone, he appears 'full orb'd,' as Young expresses it; all his perfections appear alike infinite, and his love, compassion, and condescension, appear as wonderful as his immensity, his wisdom, or his power.—Nor is this all. There is something in the doctrine of the incarnation which appears infinitely amiable as well as wonderful. It softens down, if I may so express myself, the splendour of the divine perfections. There is that in absolute Deity, which, indeed, demands reverence and awe; but it is too

great and majestic for me to love. But God in humanity appears infinitely amiable and lovely. Now I dare approach and worship at his footstool.—The doctrine of *Providence* is also become more interesting thereby; and I *love* the government of God intrusted in the hands of my Redeemer. I know that all worlds are under the eye of Omniscience, and under his hand; but I derive a peculiar pleasure from considering that the government of the church, and of mankind, is administered by him that died for them, and cannot fail in a peculiar tenderness to those for whom he so condescended. I recollect 'he knoweth our frame, he remembreth 'that we are but dust', that he is 'touched with a 'sympathy for our infirmities,' and knows how to apologize for a weak disciple, as well as to pray for a mistaken enemy.—In short, GOD is the object of my *admiration*, GOD in CHRIST the object of my *love*.

THE OBSERVER.

[No. III.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE, at times, been led from observing the *manners* of the professors of religion, to remark the *persons* who compose our churches. Sometimes we see men of the first rate abilities, the most ardent piety, and the greatest steadiness in conduct, appearing as pillars and ornaments of the society to

which they belong. But often we find they are mixed with many others, whose religious conduct is irregular, and whose moral conduct will scarcely bear scrutiny. Often we see a great deal of incurable ignorance joined to a large portion of enthusiasm; every shade of intellect, from genius down to idiotism, and every variety of character from the man of the purest uprightness to the hypocrite. In point of temper, we see some who are humble, meek, kind, grateful, and contented; others who are vain, furious, hard-hearted, and continually complaining; and all these varieties are thrown together and called a *church of Jesus Christ!* There is only one thing in which they agree, and that is, in making the same religious profession, and, consequently, in acknowledging the authority of the same laws, and the propriety of being influenced by the same motives, however little some of them may be actually under their influence. I do not hold up this picture to alarm the friends of religion, but only to excite their attention. They surely ought to know what their enemies detail with pleasure, that they may be prepared either to remedy what can be remedied, or to defend themselves against those who attack religion altogether, because religious societies are composed of imperfect beings.

We often see many out of the church (who are usually called *hearers* or *attenders* at any particular place,) that, both in point of religion and morality, are superior to many who are church-members. These keep their station from year to year, till

they seem quite fixed, and cannot, by any motives, be induced to do the whole of their duty.—They alledge a variety of reasons, it is true, for their conduct; but they are all of that kind which would easily give way to a strong sense of the obligation that good men are under to support the cause of Christ. Among the Baptists, the public profession of faith in Christ, in baptism, is a stumbling block to many, and it is often long before they practise what they seriously believe. And though the Pœdobaptists are, one would think, free from every difficulty of this kind, yet they do not succeed better. Those who, not members of their churches, look on themselves as having attended to one ordinance of Christ already, so that they are the more excusable if they should not attend the other, than if they lived in the neglect of both; they feel strongly the seriousness of a *name and a place* in the house of God, but they object, that they fear they are not worthy to sit down at the table of the Lord. Even to appear before their brethren, and declare that they have believed in Christ Jesus, is a difficulty; and taking all these things together, they think they will consider of it a little longer, till the habit of considering grows into a neglect of divine institutions, perhaps as long as they live.

I often fear that the indifferent conduct of some, who are in our churches, is a bar against others entering; they see, with disgust, what they cannot approve, and are hurt when any thing gives occasion to reproach the religion they love. But these

good men should be reminded, that the best way to counteract the evil arising from dishonourable professors, is to unite into one body all we can of a different character, that it may be evident, that those who are not what we wish them to be, are lost in a crowd of better men. Besides, they are neither free from the pain or disgrace that follows the evils of others, though they are not church-members; so that they gain nothing by their situation. Again, the force of public opinion operates very powerfully, and one of the strongest motives to propriety of conduct that many feel, arises from knowing the disgrace they shall endure from the contrary; now, can a Christian be better employed than by adding to the sanctions of morality, and being numbered with others whose eyes watch for the honour of religion, and whose frown shall banish wickedness from their presence?—The church was built to be the abode of Christians, and they ought to inhabit it. Besides, the plain path of commanded duty is before them; how painful then must it be to themselves to reflect that they have not walked in it?

Those who join our churches, generally do so from a present sense of the importance of religion, and of the obligation they are under to obey the will of Christ; and so far they are upright; how can we refuse such as seem to act under these motives? But it often happens that in time their zeal cools, their diligence slackens, and they are only the shade of what they once were. Like the tide,

they flow for a time with a strong and rapid current, and then they may be carefully employed in carrying forward the designs of religion; but like that, they also recede and leave their channel almost dry. A few happy exceptions, it is true, are to be found, who, like a deep inland river, are always nearly the same. But these things must be while men are imperfect. The Gospel net will gather of every kind. Through these difficulties the work of religion has been carried on in all ages. Let none of them move us. The friends of Jesus must not be affected by trifles. The state of the world calls for courage in our religious profession. Let all that love our Lord unite in an attention to what he has commanded, that they may throw the full weight of their character and influence into the scale of Christianity,—form a body of living witnesses for God, and lead others to glorify their *Father who is in Heaven*.

Pardon the length of my letter.

I remain,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

July, 1797. THE OBSERVER.

GOOD NEWS TO ISRAEL;

OR,

LETTERS TO THE JEWS.

[No. IV.]

CHILDREN of Abraham, the prophecies of DAVID, relative to Messias, are many and express, I shall select a few only of the most clear and certain.

David foretold a KING that should arise from his own family, and reign in peace, righteousness, and perpetuity, beyond what can be applied to Solomon, or any other of his temporal successors hitherto.—He predicts that this king also shall be a PRIEST upon his throne, not according to the order of Aaron, but of Melchisedec—he likewise applies to him terms of DIVINITY inapplicable to any mere man, and describes him as the object of reverence and worship, for angels as well as men.

Psalm ii. 6, &c. I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth

Acts xiii. 33—4. God hath raised up Jesus again, as it is written in the second Psalm, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.'

Rev. xix. 11—16. I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him was called faithful and

for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, &c. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry—blessed are all they that trust in him.

true—and his name is called The word of God: —and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh, a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

This psalm was certainly applied to the Messiah by your ancient rabbins, as *Kinchi*, Aben Ezra, and others, are compelled to own, though they think it now necessary * to apply it to David himself, in order to avoid the Christian application of it to Jesus Christ. The Targum, on verse 2, preserves the original word *Messiah*; and the Talmudists, in Tract. *Succah* (chap. v.) explain ver. 7. much as we do—'I will this day reveal to men that thou art my Son.'

Ps. xlv. throughout.—I speak of the things which I have made touching the King. — Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty! with thy glory and thy majesty.—Thy throne, O

Heb. i. 8. Unto the Son he saith, thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, &c.

Phil. ii. 9—11. At the name of Jesus every knee should bow—and every tongue confess, that Je-

* See *Poli* Syn. Crit. in tit. Ps. 2.

God, is for ever and ever, the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.—Hearken, O daughter, and consider — so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

sus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

The subject and occasion of this psalm is much the same as the book of Canticles, and is applied to the Messiah by *Kinchi*, *Aben Ezra*, and the best and most ancient of the rabbins. The Chaldee paraphrase says expressly, on ver. 3. 'Thy fairness, 'O King MESSIAS, exceedeth the sons of men.'

Ps. cx. throughout.—The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right-hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.—Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power . . . . . The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.

Matt. xx. 44, 45. The Lord said unto my Lord, &c. If David then called him Lord, how is he his Son?

Acts ii. 33—6. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.

Heb. vii. throughout. The priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also

> of the law. For he of whom these things are spoken belongeth to another tribe, ... of which tribe Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood. And it is yet more evident, for that after the similitude of Melchisedec, there ariseth another priest . . . . for he testifieth thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec.

The two most remarkable circumstances in this psalm are, 1. that David called Messias LORD, though he was his son, from whence our Lord Jesus justly inferred his divinity.

The Targum of Jonathan, renders ver. 1. 'The Lord said to his WORD*', by which name seems

* Much dispute has obtained in the learned world, with respect to the meaning of this word מימרא *Mimra*, which answers to the Greek Λογος the word, or wisdom of God: to me, it appears generally to intend the Son of God, not in his incarnate state, but in his higher character, as in 'the form of God,' under which he appeared to the Old Testament patriarchs. Two passages in the Targum are particularly clear to this sense. 1. In Gen. xviii. 2. xix. 1. one of the angels, particularly called Jehovah, and who staid with Abraham while the others went to Lot, is styled the *Mimra*. 2. Gen.

evidently here intended Messias, the Son of God; and to him your old interpreters almost unanimously apply it, as *R. Saadias Goan*, *R. Moses Hadarsan*, and many others *. And to whom else can it be applied. 2. The other most important circumstance in this psalm is, that Messias was to be a PRIEST †, though not of the tribe of Levi—a *royal* and *immortal* priest, after the order of Melchisedec, of whom you read, Gen. xiv. 18. That he was 'a 'priest of the Most High God;' which character is also appropriated to Messiah, in the prophets; particularly *Zech.* vi. 13. 'He shall be a priest upon his

xlix. 18. Jacob's words are thus paraphrased—'My soul ex-'pects not the redemption of Israel, which is a temporal sal-'vation; neither the redemption of Sampson, which is a tran-'sitory salvation, but the redemption which thou didst promise 'should come through thy *mimra* to thy people.'

* See *Poli* Syn. Crit. in tit.

† It is objected that כהן Cohen is sometimes taken for a secular prince, or great officer of state. To this I would reply,—1. That *priest* is its most *usual* acceptation.—2. That Melchisedec was evidently a priest, from his receiving tythes, Gen. xiv. 20.—3. That in Gen. xiv. 18. The Targum renders it משמש *Mishamesh*, a minister, the term commonly applied to priests, as Exod. xix. 22; though to avoid its application to the Messiah, in Psalm cx. it perversely turns it into רבא Rabba, a prince or ruler.—4. I believe, the word primarily, commonly, and, perhaps, always, has a relation to ecclesiastical affairs, though the compass of this note will not permit me to examine the plates.

'throne.'—This character agrees admirably with that of our Redeemer, JESUS; but not at all with your notions of a temporal and military Messiah.

Finally, David foretold in mystical, but pointed language, that the same person whom God had designed to build his church, and to be its foundation, should be despised and rejected by the Jewish rulers.

Psalm cxviii. 22, 23. The stone which the builders refused, is become the head of the corner. This is the LORD's doings, it is marvellous in our eyes.

Acts iv. 11, 12. This [Jesus Christ] is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other.

Notwithstanding the Chaldee Paraphrast applies this psalm, in its first sense, to David himself, as do some Christian commentators, yet many rabbins apply it farther to the Messiah *, particularly Rabbi *Solomon*.—Ver. 25. was the Song of the Multitude to Jesus, in his humble procession to the temple. Mark xv. 9.

Having now come down to the prophets, whose testimony is voluminous and extensive, permit me, before we proceed, to recapitulate and examine the state of the argument.

1. I beg you to observe, that the passages already produced, are applied to MESSIAS, not only

* Poli Syn. Crit. in Argum. et ver. 22.

by Christian expositors, but by your own Targums, and ancient doctors and expositors.

2. That the chief circumstances predicted are, that Messias should come into the world in an extraordinary way, as the *seed* of the *woman*:—that he should be a great *prophet*, a *priest*, a *prince*, and a *blessing to all nations*:—that he should be rejected and despised by his own nation, and particularly by their rulers:—that notwithstanding he should be owned by God himself as his Son, and exalted to supreme and universal dominion:—and lastly, that the Jewish polity and government should not be destroyed nor annihilated, until this Prince of Peace, the *Shiloh*, the Messiah come.

3. I beg you seriously to consider how clearly and evidently all these particulars apply to *our* Messiah the Lord JESUS; but how absurd and impossible it is to apply them to any other, and especially to such a temporal Messiah as you expect.

'Consider these things, and the Lord give you understanding in all things.' Amen.

Yours, affectionately,

PHILO.

A MEDITATION ON JOHN XI. 3.

" Lord he whom thou lovest is sick !"

THESE words contain the application of the sisters of Lazarus to Jesus for relief, when he was dangerously ill. Independant of the history, which is well known, and in all our hands, the words themselves afford several useful observations.

1. There are some persons for whom the Lord Jesus has a peculiar regard—' Lord, HE WHOM THOU LOVEST is sick.'—These are described in the scriptures under a variety of tender relations, all of which express, in different manners, his affectionate regard for them. He is a shepherd, and they are his sheep. He is a king, and they are his people. He is a mystic head, and they are his members.—Again, he is a first-born son, and they are his younger brethren. He is a father, and they are his children. He is a husband, and they are his mystical bride. All these relations, and many more in the scriptures, mark the intimate union, and boundless affection of the Lord Jesus to his beloved people.

He has discovered his love in an infinite variety of methods. Generally, he has shewn it in his covenant engagements, his incarnation, his labours of love and sufferings; but most eminently in his death—the highest possible display of his regard to

sinners! He now proves his love in pleading on their behalf at the right-hand of the Majesty on High:—in governing the church and the world, and so over-ruling all circumstances and events as out of evil to produce good; yea, to make all things work together for good, to the subjects of his grace. Nor will the demonstration of his love be complete, till he shall 'come again the second time without sin unto salvation:'—till he shall take them to be where he is, and 'to behold' and enjoy his glory.'

'O glorious day! O blest abode!
'I shall be near and like my God!'

2. Let us remark, that notwithstanding their interest in his favour, they are exposed to sickness and afflictions: 'Lord, he whom thou lovest IS SICK.' They are exposed, in the first place, to all the same temporal afflictions as others.—They may be poor as Job, or as Lazarus at the gate of Dives; or sick as this Lazarus, the brother of Mary and of Martha; they may be persecuted, afflicted, tormented: subject to every calamity of the present life, and to the painful dread of futurity. Not only so, but they are liable to peculiar trials and temptations, even as the beloved of God, of which others have no sensation, nor, perhaps, idea; especially, to those temptations and suggestions of the enemy, which are peculiar to a state of grace.

If it be asked why such persons are permitted to

fall into peculiar trials, it might be enough to say, that so it seemeth good unto the Most High: but it is better to say, that the Lord suffers this for their spiritual good; to prove, to exercise, and so to encrease their graces: to glorify himself in supporting them under, and delivering them from them.

3. We may remark that Jesus is the best friend to apply to in all cases of affliction: 'LORD, he whom thou lovest is sick.' He *only* is able to relieve us: not ourselves.

> "The way to save ourselves, if any were,
> "Is to fly from ourselves.

Our friends, relatives, patrons, in this case can do nothing for us. Riches, honours, pleasures, amusements! 'Miserable comforters are ye all, 'and physicians of no value.'

The Lord Jesus has promised to receive our petitions, to relieve our wants, and never to forsake us till he has performed all the promises on which we have been enabled to hope, and completed our great salvation. Let us adopt the language of the disciples, when their fidelity was tried with the important question, 'Will ye also go away?'—'To whom, Lord, shall we go, for thou hast the words of eternal life.'

4. His OWN love is the best plea we can make use of in our applications to the throne of grace. 'Lord, he whom THOU lovest is sick.' So the

Psalmist prays, 'For thy mercy and truth sake, O Lord!'

This is a far better plea than *our* love to him: not he that loveth *thee*, but whom *thou* lovest. Our love is carnal, weak, transitory: his pure, almighty, and eternal.—It is a better plea than our miseries: they may urge us to apply for mercy: but all applications for mercy, on the plea of misery, must be grounded on the divine benevolence: for what would be our misery to God, if he were not the fountain of goodness and compassion? But 'God is LOVE!' and hath 'SO LOVED the world, as to give his only begotten Son for our salvation.'

INGENUUS.

The following Letter was written to an intimate Friend, a few Days after the Death and Burial of an only Son, and a First-born, who died suddenly, and at a Distance from his Parents, aged about Four Years and a Half.

DEAR MR. ——

THE dealings of God are all good, wise, just, and faithful; they flow from a source of pure unmixed benevolence; they afford the most exquisite satisfaction, and yield the most refined pleasure; a pleasure which all the joys, riches, and honours of the earth can never equal—a satisfaction which those who do not taste do not know.

I am now prepared to answer your question*, from days of solid experience; that I never had half the satisfaction in the reception of my little son from the hand of God, as in restoring him to the bounteous Giver. I hardly knew what sweetness was before, and was almost a stranger to pleasure; but now my soul hath been filled, from day to day, with ravishing delight, fed on heavenly manna, and drank large draughts of the milk and honey of the Canaan above. God hath amply paid me for my son; abundantly over-paid me. My son, to have lived to the age of Methuselah, and to have conducted in the most exemplary manner, could not have afforded me such pleasure has God has, by wrapping up my will in his will: it is sweeter than honey, and the honey-comb: words are not half equal to the feelings, nor could I tell you one half, unless you had experienced the like yourself. Dear sir, what it is to have a God! a God manifesting himself in the midst of the greatest trials! a God pouring out himself into the soul! It is worth worlds! thousands of worlds could not give such sweet feelings! comparisons fail! expressions faint! If it were possible, it would be worth while to part with an only son, and a firſt-born, every week, to have such solid enjoyment and pure pleasure. Truly I can say with David, 'It is good for me that 'I have been afflicted. Thy rod and thy staff, they

* The question was, Can you return the child to God with as much pleasure as you received him? The parent desired a few days to examine his own feelings.

'comfort me.' I should not have returned home with such real pleasure to have seen my son put in possession of the largest estate in this world, as I did to leave him in your burying-ground. I would not wish to take him up again, if that wish would raise him to life and activity, unless I knew it was perfectly agreeable with his pleasure who first lent him to me. The little boy was exceedingly agreeable to me while living; yet, had he been a thousand times more agreeable, it would have been so much more pleasing and delightful to me to have returned him to such an infinitely holy Being. As to the little boy, the Lord hath done that which is perfectly right and just; as to his future estate, I have no right to concern myself about it now: he is just where the holiest Being in the universe has placed him. My pleasure and satisfaction is not built on an idea of his happiness, but upon the infinite right and perfect rectitude of God.

* * * * * * * *

REMARKS ON THE

CHARACTER OF THE GOD OF MOSES.

I WAS lately informed of a man who declared, that the God of Moses should not be his God; that he would not worship nor own him as his God, nor teach his children to do either. The reason he gave was, that the God of Moses must needs be a cruel and malicious being, because he had com-

missioned the Israelites to destroy the Canaanites; had sent the ten plagues on the Egyptians; had drowned their army in the Red Sea, and had swallowed up Korah and his company in the bowels of the earth.—But surely this man did not extend his ideas very far, or for reasons equally substantial, he would have refused to own the God of common providence as his God. The God who rules the world, has often sent the plague into Egypt and other countries, by which many more men have been destroyed, than were destroyed by the ten plagues inflicted by the hand of Moses. He has often, in every age, destroyed many more men by war than were drowned in the Red Sea. He has commanded the yellow-fever, and other diseases, to cut off many more men in every age, than the Canaanites commanded to be cut off by the Israelites. At various times he has, by earthquakes, destroyed many more than were destroyed on occasion of the rebellion of Korah and his company. Therefore, to be consistent, this man must refuse to have the governor of the world for his God.

Should it be said, that pestilence and earthquakes come by the power of *nature*, be it so; what is *nature* but the stated method in which the Governor of the world brings to pass common events, or the stated mode of his government of the world? So that whatever is done by *nature*, is done by *God*.

God in scripture tells us, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay;' 'I will *avenge* me of mine adversaries;' 'I will recompense *fury* to mine enemies,

&c.' Now, many are strongly prejudiced against these expressions, and grievously offended at them. The reason, doubtless, is, that they misapprehend their meaning. They conceive that they mean the same which is commonly meant by the same words among men; viz. a selfish, malicious, and furious passion. But, in truth, those scriptural expressions mean no more than that God, as a righteous governor and judge will, according to strict justice, punish all rebels against his government, so far as the general good of his kingdom, which is the intellectual universe, requires. If a wise, just, and good judge, punish a criminal according to justice, and the requirements of the state, he may be said to avenge the state, or himself, as the head and representative of the state, on those criminals, and to repay or recompence them for the injury they have done the state. And surely such vengeance is nothing inconsistent with the most perfect moral goodness.

THE SPIRITUAL BEE.

[No. VI.]

RABBINICAL EXTRACT.

GOD began to enter into a covenant with the Messiah, and said, 'Messiah, my righteous one, 'the sins of thy chosen people are likely to bring 'thee into a state of great toil and extreme affliction; thy lips shall taste gall, thy tongue shall

'cleave to the roof of thy mouth, thy body shall be 'wasted with sorrow and sighing. Is thy love to 'thy people inviolable? Art thou willing to rescue 'them on these conditions? If thou undertakest 'their recovery, well; if not, they are rejected from 'this moment, and perish for ever.'—To this Messiah replied, 'Lord of Eternity, I am pleased with 'the office, I accept these conditions; and am willing to undergo all tribulation, that my people 'may enjoy a resurrection' [i. e. to life eternal]—Then said the holy and blessed God, 'Be it so.' Immediately the Messiah took on him our miseries, as it is written in the book of the prophet Isaiah [ch. liii.] 'He was oppressed and he was afflicted.' [*Bereshith Rabbah* cited by *Vitringa* in Is. xlix.]

ANECDOTES.

ONE of the most renowned philosophers and statesmen of this or any other age, Doctor Benjamin FRANKLIN, whose life was filled up with usefulness to mankind, informs us, "that he owed all the good he ever did to his country or mankind, to a small book he accidentally met with, entitled, 'Essays to do good,' in several sermons, from Gal. vi. 10. written by a very able and pious minister of the gospel in Boston*. This, he says, "he learned with care and attention—laid up the sentiments in his memory—and resolved from that time, which was in his early youth, that he would make *doing good* the great purpose and business of his life."

* Dr. Cotton Mather.

KING CHARLES II. once bluntly said 'That it was a matter of perfect indifference to him what divines had so learnedly advanced against Presbyterianism: he had a reason against it much more satisfactory to his mind:—it was not a religion *fit for a gentleman*.

HENRY Duke of Saxony, a cruel and debauched prince, dreamed that the tutelar angel of the country, appeared to him with an angry countenance, and uttered these words: "Ill-fated wretch! the 'Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the ful-'ness of thine iniquity, hath sent me to give thee 'warning.' Upon this he shewed him a scroll with these words—AFTER SIX. The prince awoke, trembling and much alarmed. He was convinced the vision was from God, and thought it certainly predicted his end. Six days, six weeks, six months were spent in penitence and serious preparation for his end: but those elapsed, he concluded that six years must be the period intended—he effected a thorough reformation in his life and government, and at the end of six years was elected emperor of Germany.

MR. BUNYAN having once preached with particular warmth and liberty, one of his hearers could not help observing what a *sweet* sermon he had delivered: 'Aye', said the good man, 'you need not 'remind me of that, for the devil told me so before 'I left the pulpit.'.

A good woman, because the scripture exhorts us to pray always, could never be satisfied out of her closet: her family neglected, her children naked and forlorn; and no one could persuade her from this, till one day Mr. Richardson (the commentator on Ramus) hearing of it, went to her house, and seeing the situation of her family, cried out with a loud and terrible voice—'Is there no fear of God in this house?'—This reproof had the desired effect, and taught the good woman that attention to her family was an essential part of her duty to her God.

THE late excellent Mr. WHITEFIELD, when going out to preach the day before his death, in much infirmity, expressed an earnest wish that it might be his last sermon, adding, in an apostrophe to his divine Master, 'Lord, thou knowest I am tired *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work.'

CHARLES IX. of France, the cruel persecutor of the Huguenots, died in a most awful manner, being bathed in the blood that issued involuntarily from his veins. It is remarkable that his favourite nurse, who attended him in his sickness, was an Huguenot, and the only person to whom he appears to have unbosomed himself. 'Ah, my dear nurse,' said he, very near his end, 'What blood! What 'murders! Ah, I have followed wicked counsel.—'What shall I do? I am lost for ever!—I know it.'—His nurse, full of tenderness, replied, 'Sire, the

'murders be on those who forced you to order 'them!—since you never consented, and now 'regret them, believe God will never impute them 'to you, but cover them with the mantle of his 'Son's righteousness, to whom alone you should 'look for aid.'

AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

Mr. W. a merchant in Boston, agreeably to his usual liberality, sent a present of chocolate, sugar, &c. to the Rev. Dr. Byles, with a billet desiring his acceptance of it, as a comment upon Gal. vi. 6. "Let him that is *taught* in the word, communicate unto him that *teacheth*, in all good things." The Doctor, who was then confined by indisposition, returned his compliments to Mr. W. thanked him for his excellent *Family Expositor*, and wished Mr. W. to give him a *practical* exposition of Matt. xxv. 36. "I was *sick* and ye *visited* me."

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

A Mahikan Indian asked a sister of one of the congregations of the United Brethren in North America, whether *all* the congregation had a feeling sense of the great love of God, as preached by the missionaries. 'I cannot tell (replied the sister) 'whether *all* feel it, but certainly those do who 'believe and love our Saviour. Suppose a delicious 'meal prepared in this room, and many people, 'those only who eat can say that the victuals taste 'well. Thus it is with our Saviour. Only those

'who have tasted of his love can speak of it, and 'they *never forget* it.'

The Mahikan replied: 'Your simile is just. 'Now I will likewise tell you something: when my 'wife was going to lie in of her first-born, I was 'impatient to see the child. When I saw it, I 'thought: this child "God has made;" and I 'loved it so much, that I could not forbear looking 'at it continually. Soon after the child died, and 'I mourned to that degree that nothing would 'comfort me. I had no rest, day nor night, and 'my child was always in my thoughts; for my very 'heart cleaved to it. At last I could bear the 'house no longer, but ran into the woods, and 'almost lost my senses. The Indians then advised 'me to take an emetic to get rid of my sorrow. I 'complied; but the love of my child, and my sor-'row for its loss, were not removed, and I returned 'to the woods. There I beheld the trees and the 'birds, and considered that the same God created 'them who made my child. I then said, "Thou, "O God, who madest all things, I know not where "thou art, but I have heard that thou dwellest in "heaven. Thou hast taken my child; take my "sorrow and grief likewise from me." This was 'done, and I then could forget my child. From 'this I conclude, that those who love God are dis-'posed as I was towards the child I so dearly 'loved; they can never forget him, nor find rest 'and pleasure in any thing else.'

FLOWERS OF SACRED POESY.

[No. VI.]

THE EXCELLENCE OF EARLY PIETY.

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR GRANDSON, JOHN WILLIS.

Nihil ducit in bonis præter virtutem.

IF from the path of foul disgrace, the youth
(Attentive to his friends' and honor's call)
Would prove society's distinguish'd pride,
Let EARLY PIETY become his choice,
And consecrate to God his *vernal* days:
Of moral virtues this the sacred root!
This gives to youth the GRACES, and adorns
With all that's excellent the human heart.
EARLY RELIGION is youth's brightest crown,
Adorn'd with gems GOLCONDA's * sparks outvie,
As does the dazz'ling sun the twinkling stars,
Or summer's morn bleak winter's sombre hue!
How cold the heart of true religion void!
A rock of hard unanimated ice!
In youth it augurs sad inanity,
A *brutish* soul, though with a form *erect!*
Robb'd of those best affections, which belong
To that soft state when active nature rouses,
In youthful hearts, emotions gen'rous! warm!
Beam'd from the centre of cœlestial fire!

* From Golconda in the East come the best diamonds.

A youthful heart spontaneous ought to glow
With love of moral beauty's excellence;
And, when the swelling soul admiring views
GOODNESS SUPREME in all his varied works,
Melt at discovery of such wondrous love.
For where can youth so fair an object find
As in our mighty universal FATHER,
Creation's sole support, (immensely good!)
Author and Source of all felicity
Surrounding worlds enjoy?—whose endless praise
Immortal spirits hymn with grateful lyres?

Say, lovely youths who grace your native land,
Your parents boast, their joy! their darling hope!
Can you, unmov'd with veneration just,
Contemplate on that grandeur! majesty!
Which through wide nature all his works display?
Untouch'd by *gratitude*, feel that profusion
Of endless good, of pleasure, and delight,
Pour'd with such kind beneficence and love,
At this soft pleasing season of your lives,
Where all is smiling, gay, and sweet around you?
Tho' *blest* with parents, tho' *sustain'd* by friends,
(Who view your actions with a lover's eye,
Whose looks give approbation's sweetest balm)
View this event, not as your MERIT's due;
Adore the *source* from whence it all proceeds:
Lift to the GREAT SUPREME your grateful eye.
Admire his providence, confess his love,
The kind Director of the human heart;
The soft Infuser of that friendly warmth

That *guides* your steps, anticipates your wishes,
Supports you onward in the road to fame,
To crown your well-spent youth with wealth and
honour.
Religious homage to the God of nature
(Expression natural of a grateful heart)
Becomes our duty, and our source of bliss.
Let then religion be your greatest joy,
The highest summit of supreme delight!
Nor be with you the cold and barren offspring
Of Idle SPECULATION (lifeless plan!)
Which starves the soul, brings on that *second* death,
Tremendous punishment of harden'd minds!
Eternity of woe in those dark realms
Where REASON triumphs, fallen, base, deprav'd,
To aggravate the torture it procur'd
By *trusting* to its weak fallacious light.
Be your religion warm and vigorous;
Born in the heart of an immortal flame;
Then walk the devious path of life secure.
Who bears religion's stamp is free indeed!
'Tis LIBERTY! (rich gift!) man's highest boast!
Gain'd at a cost surrounding worlds can't pay:
Above all price! yet freely given to man:
Man's glorious portion by supreme decree.

W. A. WILLIS, M. D.

THE CHRISTIAN PARADOX.

BY THE LATE REV. BENJ. BEDDOME.

WHEN of myself I take a view,
What wonders I behold!
I am both black and comely too,
I am both hot and cold.

My wealth in poverty begins,
My loss becomes my gain;
A deep abyss of filth within,
Yet free from spot or stain.

The things I practice I abhor,
And do what I detest;
The more I have, I want the more;
Am restless, yet at rest.

I am a stranger, tho' at home;
A servant, tho' set free:
I'm held in firm and lasting bonds,
And yet at liberty.

Altho' my debts are all discharg'd,
I am a debtor still;
And when my heart is most enlarg'd,
Most straitness then I feel.

My numerous and repeated crimes
Are punish'd, yet forgiv'n:
I'm fuel fit for endless flames,
And yet an heir of heav'n.

If I transgress, or God forsake,
I find it work for good;
From others harms I warning take,
Their poison is my food.

I sin, and yet it is not I;
I work, yet grace does all;
I slowly creep, and swiftly fly;
I stand, and yet I fall.

I'm dead, alive—feeble and strong;
Empty, and yet abound:
Alas! in this poor heart of mine,
What contraries are found!

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

2 CORIN. VI. 2.

ALL hail! the blissful æra's come!
Let songs immortal rise!
Salvation free salutes our ears,
And light divine our eyes.

The gospel brings a sovereign balm
To every wounded soul;
Restores the dying man to life,
And makes the sinner whole.

What kings and prophets wish'd to see,
And waited long to prove!
With ecstasy our souls embrace,
While we adore and love.

Behold the poor, the sick, the blind,
Have riches, health, and sight!
Where mental darkness veil'd the mind,
Behold celestial light!

Now destitute and starving souls,
Partake of angels' food,
The bread of life divinely free,
And every needful good.

While these glad tidings are reveal'd,
May sinners hear and live;
Welcome the blessings, and with joy
To GOD the glory give!

G. B.

June, 1797.

EPITAPH

ON TWO CHILDREN NAMED NATH. GIBBONS.

One Eleven Years old—the other Three Years and Two Months.

A CHILD in bud, a child in bloom,
One dreary grave contains;
And like a faded flower's perfume,
Their mem'ry sweet remains;

Both give the signs, young as they were,
Of heav'n-born piety;
Then view them not as prisoners here,
But with the blest on high.

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 AP 90

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TO THE BINDER.

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